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IN "DER ROSENKAVALIER," WHICH OPENS THE OPERA SEASON THIS YEAR AT COVENT GARDEN:
MME. DELIA REINHARDT AS OCTAVIAN, BEARER OF THE SILVER ROSE LOVE TOKEN.

The opera season at Covent Garden opens on May 2 with "Der Rosenkavalier," by Richard Strauss. It is expected that Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, will be present on the opening night, and the season promises to be one of unusual brilliance. The cast of "Der Rosenkavalier," which was not given last year, is to be the same as in 1925, with Mme. Delia

Reinhardt, Mme. Lotte Lehmann, Mme. Elisabeth Schumann, and Herr Richard Mayr, while Herr Bruno Walter will conduct. Mme. Delia Reinhardt takes the part of Octavian, the young gallant who is deputed by the elderly Baron to carry his love-token, a silver rose, to Sophia, the Baron's betrothed. Octavian and Sophia, on meeting, fall in love at first sight.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

PEOPLE are still talking about the alleged decay of athletics at Oxford, and Father Ronald Knox has written a characteristically entertaining exposure of most of the explanations; asking with fiendish candour whether the atrocities of cocktails, dancing, and flirting are not also to be found at Cambridge. I had always understood that it was the best spirit of English sport not to raise this sort of howl and hue and cry over the vanquished. I thought it was our peculiar pride that the result, whichever way it went, could end in laughter, and that when it was all over but the shouting, both sides could unite to shout. I do not idolatrise that tradition, but certainly it is a more agreeable noise than when

It is only too probable that the scholars and sages of the time would have altogether missed the terrific scale of the tragedy, immersed as they were in vain and visionary metaphysical speculations about abstruse subjects like right and wrong, truth and falsehood, the conception of justice or the common conscience of mankind. I doubt if they would even have thought it worth while to declare that the man who lost at marbles must be living a lewd and riotous life in taverns, or risking his soul in lawless loves. But if sport is to be sporting, if play is to be playful, if games are supposed to have any sort of connection with having a little fun, I think the player would prefer to deal with those ancient dogmatists who left him alone, rather than with these modern materialistic dogmatists who pursue him into the playground, to diagnose him as a cripple whenever he stumbles, or a congenital idiot whenever he misses a ball.

As I say, there have been all sorts of suggestions made about the cause of the alleged decline; and, as is generally the case with that sort of scientific inquiry, the theorists explain the decline some time before they have proved it. The presence of girl students at Oxford is gravely discussed, and it is suggested that a certain amount of sex attraction or flirtation plays a part in the social life of the University town to-day. So it does; and how anybody could ever have been such a fool as to suppose it wouldn't is more than I can understand. The presence of æsthètes is alleged at Oxford; though, so far as I remember the rumours of my boyhood, the days when the most famous æsthètes were at Oxford were those when Oxford in the Boat-Race generally happened to win. But I am sure the æsthètes were accidents; and I have the levity to believe that it is generally a question of the University that happens to win. Nevertheless, if we are all called upon to utter conjectures, I will produce one of my own. I can at least say with confidence that it is not sillier than a good many of the other conjectures.

For I confess that, during this debate, a wild thought crossed my mind. It is perhaps too awful to be more than adumbrated, but strange things do sometimes happen in the history of the soul of man. Is it barely possible that some people at Oxford have begun to regard it as a place of education? Has some miasma of mediæval morbidity been blown across the ages, and suggested to some sensitive spirit that the training and use of the mind was one of the original objects of such a foundation? Might it not be plausibly maintained by some sophist (probably a rival and conspirator from Cambridge) that the problems now confronting the world, of proletarian mutiny, of capitalist corruption, of international perils and ideals, cannot all of them be solved with a cricket-bat, and may demand something more than the morality of playing for your side? May not many be misled into the specious notion that there was something to be said, after all, for those ancient scholastics who were concerned with establishing the nature of justice and happiness and the end of man? My own experience is that, whatever be the dangers of dancing or cocktails, there are a good many young people at the Universities and elsewhere who are asking on their own account the same fundamental questions that were asked by the mediæval schoolmen.

Anybody who has ever dipped into this column (if

anybody ever has) knows that I am not the sort of journalist who poses as a sham juvenile by abusing Victorian conventions. But the Victorian theory of fundamentals was meant to be taken lightly. The Party System, for instance, was meant to be taken lightly. Sensible people knew it was superficial, but they thought it was sensible to be superficial. I am not sure there was not something to be said for their view. But, anyhow, the Party System not only is not now, but it never was, a thing like a religious war. It was not fighting for your soul; it was playing for your side. It was deliberately taught as such, not only in the public schools, but in the great Universities. Boys were encouraged to take sides quite artificially at the Union and the school debating club. They were provided with text-books of arguments *pro* and *con*, and tossed up, so to speak, for the task of defending Cromwell or Charles I. It was great fun; it was full of good humour; it was full of generosity; it had every virtue except the love of truth. But is it not possible that the love of truth, that serpent, is creeping into the Eden of athletic intellectual indifference?

I do not know that this is the explanation, for the simple reason that I do not know that there is anything to be explained. I repeat that I think it much more likely that Cambridge happened to win the last few games and that Oxford may happen to win the next. But if there is indeed any change passing over our old collegiate institutions, it will be wise to be rather on the lookout for this sort of change. It will be well to avoid all the sort of scares that can be used as stunts. It will be especially wise to avoid all the sort of scares that can be turned into scandals. There is nothing that some people like so much as to lash themselves into a frenzy about degeneracy; always, I need not say, the degeneracy of somebody else. There really are evil and even diabolical influences at work in the world to-day, but the stunt is not the sword to fight them with. But do not let us leave altogether out of account the chance that the change may not be a degeneracy but a regeneration. It may be the return of human reason and hard thinking about the things that really matter; and a man must be rather mad on the subject of boating or lacrosse who complains that, in the course of that enthusiasm, a game is sometimes forgotten.



NAPLES VYING WITH MANTUA IN THE COMMEMORATION OF VIRGIL: THE BEGINNING OF THE WORK, IN FRONT OF HIS TOMB AT POSILIPO, FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A GREAT VIRGILIAN AVENUE, TO BE COMPLETED BY THE TWENTIETH CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH.

all the pedants and pessimists unite to shriek. If all the dismal scientific drivel about "degeneration" and inevitable material decline is going to poison that tradition also, it will have done about as bad a thing as it ever did since it began to inject germs into the corporate religion of Christendom. This heavy hygienic treatment of games is something much more sour than Puritanism.

I believe that at one of the two great Universities (at Cambridge, I fancy) there is an ancient academic statute forbidding the undergraduates to play marbles on the steps of the Senate House. Whether wild spirits often defy this stern veto I do not know; I cannot say I have ever seen them at it. But it amuses me to think what the men who defined or defied that statute would have thought of the solemn way in which youthful larks and diversions are regarded in the modern world. They are much more overshadowed with gloom by the men who encourage them than they ever were by the men who repressed them. If the youth did not play marbles on the steps of the Senate House, it was not improbable that he would play marbles elsewhere. But his pastors and masters seldom considered whether he was playing marbles with that seriousness, that strenuous concentration, that grit and grim austerity of attention, that would make him a Superman in the next stage of scientific evolution.

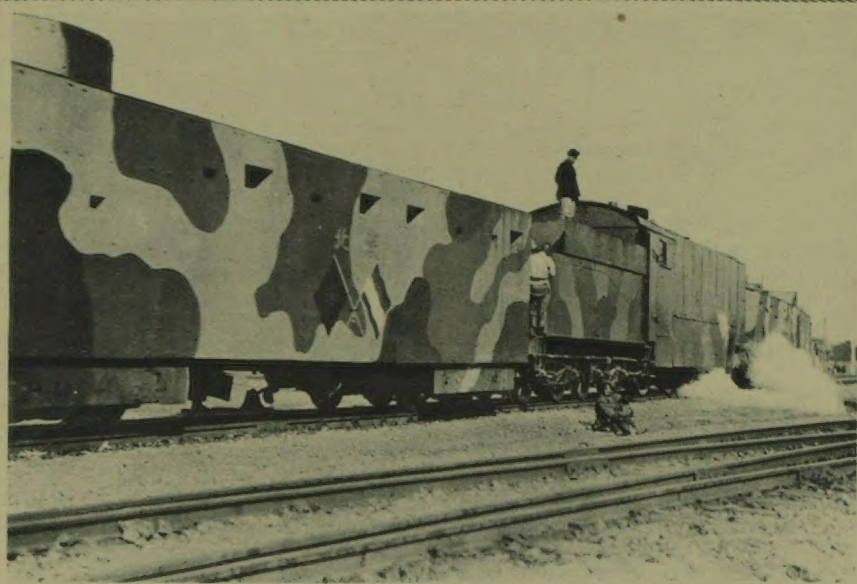
Suppose the mediæval students of Cambridge had played marbles against the mediæval students of Oxford; and suppose (if you can endure the thought) that the Cambridge men had won most of the games.



THE INTERIOR OF VIRGIL'S TOMB AT NAPLES: A VIEW SHOWING THE MEMORIAL STONE (CENTRE) INSCRIBED WITH A MODERN COPY OF THE ANCIENT EPITAPH BEGINNING "MANTUA ME GENUIT."

A new monument to Virgil was unveiled at Mantua (where he was born in B.C. 70) on April 21, the "birthday of Rome." It was originally intended to have been erected in 1891, the nineteenth centenary of his death (at Naples in B.C. 19), but the necessary funds have only lately been raised. Tennyson's well-known poem was written for the occasion that did not occur forty-six years ago. Naples began some years ago the construction of a great Virgilian Avenue, of archaeological interest, to commemorate the twentieth centenary of his birth, which will fall in 1930. The work commenced beside the Tomb of Virgil at Posilipo. One of our photographs (supplied by Professor Halbherr) shows props erected during the consolidation of the rock walls at the Grotto of Pozzuoli.

NEW PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CHINA: SCENES AT NANKING AND SHANGHAI.



1. "DAZZLE-PAINTED" IN THE GREAT WAR MANNER: A CAMOUFLAGED ARMoured TRAIN OF THE NORTHERN ARMY USED TO COUNTER THE SOUTHERN ATTACK ON NANKING.



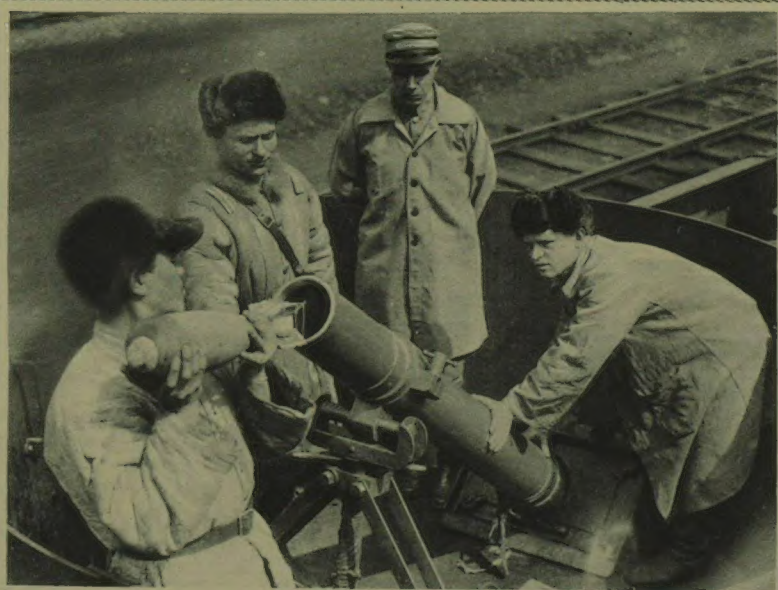
2. THE EVACUATION OF NANKING BY THE NORTHERNERS: TROOPS OF THE CHINESE NORTHERN FORCES LEAVING THE CITY ON THE APPROACH OF THE CANTONESE.



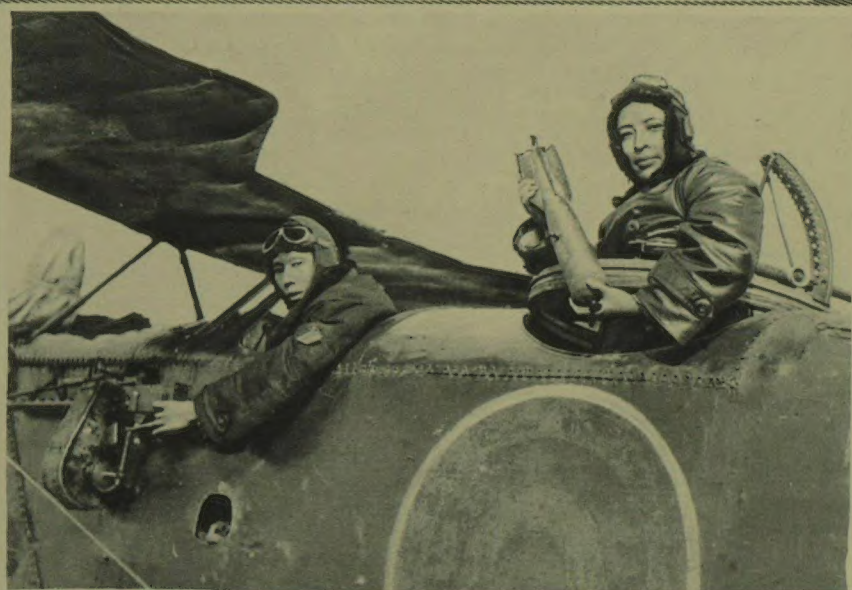
3. THE FEEDING OF YOUNG REFUGEES AT SHANGHAI: A PARTY OF LITTLE CHINESE CHILDREN BUSILY ENGAGED WITH CHOPSTICKS AND BOWLS OF RICE AND SALAD.



4. SHOWING MEN OF THE "BLACK GOWN BRIGADE" (LEFT) WHO HELD UP MAJOR HILTON-JOHNSON AND TERRORISED CHAPEI: A REVOLVER DISPLAY AT THE REOPENING OF THE GENERAL LABOUR UNION OFFICE THERE WHEN SHANGHAI FELL TO THE SOUTHERNERS.



5. "WHITE" RUSSIANS WITH THE NORTHERN FORCES AT SHANGHAI LOADING A MORTAR ON AN ARMoured TRAIN: A REMNANT THAT HELD OUT AGAINST THE SOUTHERNERS AND ARE REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN ANNIHILATED.



6. THE CHINESE USE OF MODERN AIR ARMAMENT: THE PILOT (LEFT) AND OBSERVER (HOLDING AN AERIAL "TORPEDO") IN AN AEROPLANE OF THE ANKUOCHUN (NORTHERN ARMIES) AIR FORCE.

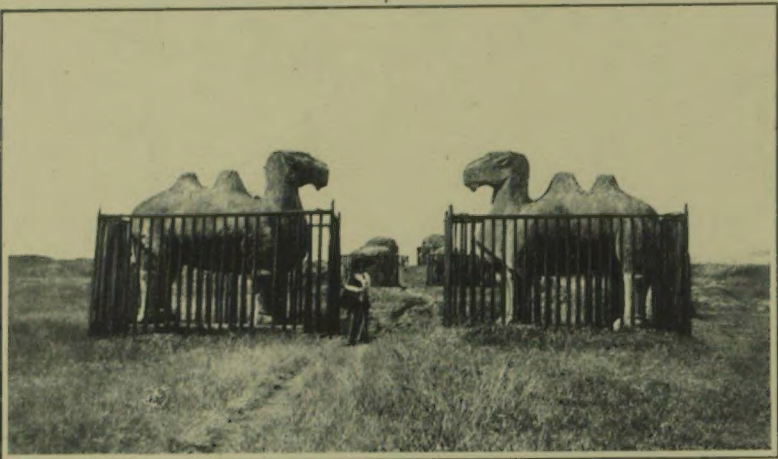
These photographs, which have just arrived from China, illustrate events during the latter part of March, after the Southerners had captured the native quarters at Shanghai and were entering Nanking. The situation has, of course, changed very much since then. With regard to our Illustration No. 4, a note on the photograph says: "This source of industrial unrest (the General Labour Union Office in Chapei), closed by the Northern commander, was reopened when Shanghai fell to the Nationalists. Note armed civilians on the left. . . . These plain-clothes men, known as the 'Black Gown Brigade,' created a reign of terror, and

did much indiscriminate shooting. It was they who held up the Commissioner-General of Shanghai, Major Hilton-Johnson, when he went to call on the Nationalist commander. They forced him, at the point of a revolver, to sign an apology for coming armed into Chinese territory, and also to promise to allow meetings in the Settlement." Regarding No. 6, we may recall a message of March 22 from Shanghai: "At Chapei a remnant of the White Russians are bravely holding out in Chang Chung-chang's famous armored train, 'the Great Wall,' which they are unable to move owing to the rails to the west having been torn up."

The New Storm-Centre in China: Nanking.

By Surgeon Rear-Admiral CHARLES M. BEADNELL, C.B., K.H.P.

Admiral Beadnell's picturesque impressions of Nanking are of special interest just now, since Chiang Kai-shek set up there a new Government in opposition to his former friends, the Communists at Hankow. There has also been artillery fighting lately between the Southerners at Nanking and the Northerners at Pukow, across the Yangtse.



RECENTLY ENCLOSED BY RAILINGS TO PREVENT TOURISTS CARVING THEIR NAMES: THE AVENUE OF HUGE ANIMAL FIGURES LEADING TO THE MING TOMBS NEAR NANKING.

NANKING, or Chiang-Ning-Fu, the ancient capital of China, world-famous throughout the ages for its silks, satins, and nankeens, has seen many vicissitudes of fortune since a walled city was first built on its site about the sixth century B.C. Even the incursion of foreigners during the last sixty years has effected little change in the life of the city.

Noise and smell are the outstanding features of any Chinese town, and this ancient centre of art and literature and home of the Ming Emperors proves no exception. As soon as night falls, hundreds of starved dogs, homeless and masterless, howl and yelp about the streets and fight furiously amid refuse heaps for scraps of offal; belated travellers-hammer and shout at doors; and always, like a melancholy, insistent flute rising above the general hubbub, is heard the song of the coolies as they carry their prodigious burdens about the thoroughfares.

It was late in November when, some few years ago, my wife and I stopped at Nanking, and the coolies had already donned their unsavoury wadded coats of blue—in many cases the grimy-looking wadding had worked its way outside the coat, though still owing allegiance thereto by strips of filthy rags. The station, the English hotel, and the landing-jetty lie outside the walls of Nanking, and our rickshas had to thread a narrow street of unutterable dirt and squalor on the way to the main city gate, which gaped at us from its setting in the frowning and formidable great wall, eighty feet high and forty feet thick. Within the walls we found ourselves on an excellent road, willow-shaded and extending the whole length of the town to the opposite gate. This quite modern road had been constructed by a late Viceroy of Nanking, a very enlightened man with a conscience curiously unlike that of most Chinese officials, since he devoted the "squeeze" extracted from the people to improving the town instead of to swelling his own purse. To the left and right of this road stretched woods, then in the full glory of autumn tints; and between these and the road were the inevitable market-gardens. Nearly two miles from the gate are the Consulates, the English one, in particular, being a remarkably fine building; near it is one of the stations belonging to the little city railway, built and maintained by the Chinese Government. Beyond this the road leads to the "Drum

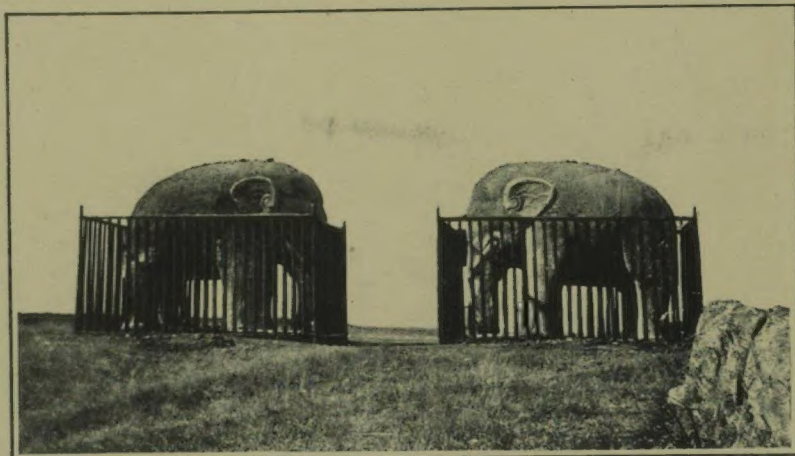
Tower"—the central point of the city, where sit the prisoners in cages, most miserable of objects in the mosquito season, as they are unable to brush anything off their faces. Here, too, are loathsome beggars, plying their calling unrebuked, the natives being far too superstitious to repulse the wretches, and, in consequence, the beggars' guild is one of the most powerful in the country; while a monstrous trade is, or certainly was, done in deforming infants so that the unfortunate mites shall easily excite sympathy. The whole way along the road one passes a continuous stream of wheelbarrows so constructed that they will carry anything from a hundredweight of mud bricks to four women with their infants and belongings. These handbarrows emit the most ear-splitting squeals from their unoiled wheels, and, as it is considered good "joss" for a coolie if his wheelbarrow squeals, this fiendish noise is suppressed only in European settlements.

Beyond the "Drum Tower" lies a densely-populated district in which

are the famous pawn-shops, true treasure caves whose shelves are laden with garments of silk and brocade, with gorgeous furs, coats of sable, ermine, fox or squirrel, not all of which, however, are for sale. When the summer days arrive, mandarins and high officials send their fur coats to these shops to be cared for until the next winter; if in the meantime the owners die or lose their fortunes, their possessions are sold for what they will fetch, and hence a fortunate traveller may find himself at times the possessor of a fur coat for a very small sum.

In one of these streets we once encountered a high official's funeral. A noisy band led the way. Behind this were several low, wooden carts on which were fixed by wires dummy figures representing the dead man's family and relations. Next came priests in

gorgeous robes, chairs in which funeral meats were borne, and, finally, the coffin itself, entirely shrouded in gold-sparkling draperies. Following this came men carrying an enormous paper figure, quite twenty feet long, representing the deceased's special divinity; a paper house then made its appearance; more priests, more bands, and, at the rear, rickshas full of imitation silver coins to be scattered at intervals in the path of the pursuing demons hungry for the soul of the dead! Foolish demons! So fond of money that they forsake the corpse and rush after the filthy lucre; by the time they have discovered that the money is but paper (and inflammable at that!) the corpse has gained the sacred precincts of the ancestral burial-ground, into which evil spirits cannot go. The paper house is burned before the tomb in order that the dead man may not be homeless when he crosses the Great River of Tears; the paper effigies are burned so that he may have companions on his last journey; that he may not be without means to purchase comforts, paper money is burnt; food and drink are left by the grave-side in case he suffers hunger or thirst. A paper bird represents the vehicle of his soul to the Happy Land. And so, as a sort of wind-up to all this loving care and foresight, the tomb is sealed, all the mourners join hands and perform a kind of merry-go-round about the grave, and the deceased now ranks as an honourable ancestor, guarding for evermore the interests of his faithful family.



STATUES OF ELEPHANTS NEAR THE MING TOMBS, RAILED OFF TO PROTECT THEM FROM VANDALISM: FIGURES OF ANIMALS UNKNOWN IN CHINA CARVED 550 YEARS AGO.

The road to the left of the "Drum Tower" leads to the Taiping gates, beyond which are the Ming Tombs. Along this road the visitor is besieged by donkey-boys, all shouting at the same time the incomparable merits of their respective steeds—sturdy little beasts with evil eyes and a horrid habit of distending themselves in some unaccountable way when the saddle girths are tightened. When the rider has been a short time in the saddle, the "moke" resumes his correct proportions, round slips the saddle, and away goes its occupant into the road. All things considered, it is wiser to drive to the gate in one of the awful Nanking vehicles, and then walk across the foot of the hills to the Tombs. The hills themselves stretch seemingly for ever, like the misty hills of our childhood, and they are the haunts of pig, deer, and wolves. Skimming over their crests at nightfall fly myriads of wild duck, which are caught by the natives in huge butterfly-nets.

Between these "Purple Mountains," as they are called, and the city walls stand the remains of the beautiful white porcelain pagoda of Nanking that was destroyed by the riotous and debauched troops of Hung-siu-tsuen, the "Heavenly

(Continued on page 790.)



WHERE DR. WILLIAMS, VICE-PRINCIPAL OF NANKING UNIVERSITY, WAS MURDERED WHEN THE CITY FELL TO THE CANTONESE: CHINESE STUDENTS LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL AFTER MORNING SERVICE.

"Outside the Chapel of Nanking University (says a note on this photograph) Dr. Williams, the Vice-Principal, was murdered in cold blood by a looting Southern soldier on the morning of March 24. The picture shows students leaving the Chapel after morning service. The loyalty and courage of some of these students saved the lives of many foreigners." Dr. A. E. Williams, of whom we gave a portrait in our issue of April 9, was a well-known American Presbyterian missionary who was in strong sympathy with Chinese national aspirations.

IS THE ANTI-"RED" MOVEMENT IN CHINA GENUINE?—THREE PROTAGONISTS.

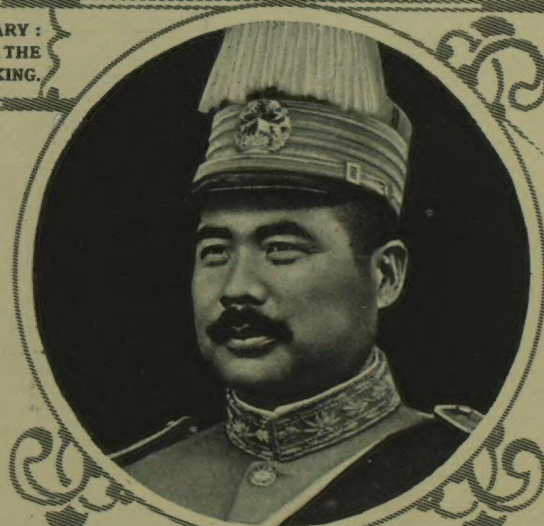


CHIANG KAI-SHEK ACCLAIMED ON HIS ARRIVAL AT HANKOW IN JANUARY: THE CANTONESE GENERALISSIMO WHO HAS SINCE QUARRELLED WITH THE HANKOW COMMUNISTS AND SET UP A RIVAL GOVERNMENT AT NANKING.



MARSHAL CHANG TSO-LIN, WAR LORD OF MANCHURIA, AT THE JAPANESE LEGATION IN PEKING.

In the present phase of the Chinese drama the principal actor is Chiang Kai-shek, Generalissimo of the Southern Nationalists, who recently quarrelled with the Russian Communist element at Hankow and set up a rival Government at Nanking. "The Hankow Government has replied," said the "Times" of April 20, "by appointing Feng Yu-hsiang, the 'Christian' General, as Commander-in-Chief of the Red Armies, and by declaring war on Nanking. Feng Yu-hsiang, who was for some time master of Peking, and visited Moscow, returned to China in 1926." It was stated on April 25 that the Hankow Communists had accused him of treachery, arrested his delegate, and abolished the office of Commander-in-chief, appointing instead a military committee. Feng's army, called the Kuominchun, has been operating on the flank of Chang Tso-lin's forces. Chang Tso-lin is the chief power of the North. Chiang Kai-shek is said to have negotiated with him for joint action against the Communists. Writing from Shanghai on April 21 Sir Percival Phillips said (in the "Mail"): "Strong doubt still exists as to the genuineness of the anti-Communist movement under Chiang Kai-shek. . . . The purpose is to increase the delay in the demand for reparation for the outrages at Nanking."



APPOINTED GENERALISSIMO BY HANKOW, BUT LATER REPORTED DISMISSED: FENG YU-HSIANG, THE "CHRISTIAN" GENERAL.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHOEVER it was that said, "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte*," would say it again if he had to write an article every week. It is harder to begin than to end, for, even if one cannot end on a good "curtain," one can always leave off. Seeking a suitable exordium to some books on animals, I could think only of Hippolyta's remark to Theseus: "Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion." That would do all right if I could trot out the king of beasts, but I must be content with the dog, the horse, and the tiger.

On the principle of *graviore priore*, I lead off with a weighty work in two fat tomes entitled, "*DOGS: THEIR HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT*," By Edward C. Ash. With nearly 700 illustrations. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 2 vols., £5 5s.; Edition de luxe, £12 12s.). To convey adequately the contents of these great volumes, in which the letterpress alone runs to nearly 800 quarto pages, is not easy within the space at my disposal. I can only say that they are packed with matter of absorbing interest to the dog-lover and the dog-fancier, and will doubtless take standard rank in the literature of their subject. It is claimed for the work that it "tells for the first time all that is known of the history of dogs, of their breeds and development from the earliest historical time to the present day. The sources drawn upon range from the earliest Egyptian hieroglyphics and Chinese chronicles to the experiences of the leading breeders of the present day, and the latest rulings on the show-points of each variety. The illustrations reproduce Egyptian, Greek, Roman sculpture, mediæval woodcuts, eighteenth-century prints, and photographs of the finest specimens of to-day."

It was appropriate that the preface should emanate from a place that has given its name to a famous breed. Writing from Clumber, the Duchess of Newcastle congratulates the author on the results of his "enormous research," and declares that his work "should find its way to the shelf of every library, as a classic on dogs." Her ancestral association with the Clumber spaniel is thus recorded by Mr. Ash: "Stonehenge tells us that the name arises from the Duke of Newcastle's family seat, and that the Newcastle family were the sole possessors of the variety until about 1770." At the present day, the most discussed dog is, probably, the Alsatian, and Mr. Ash gives its history in full. "The breed," he says, "(until the War aroused racial antagonism) was generally known as the German shepherd-dog. . . . There is little doubt that the Alsatian, as we know him, sprang from the union of several varieties of German sheep-dogs."

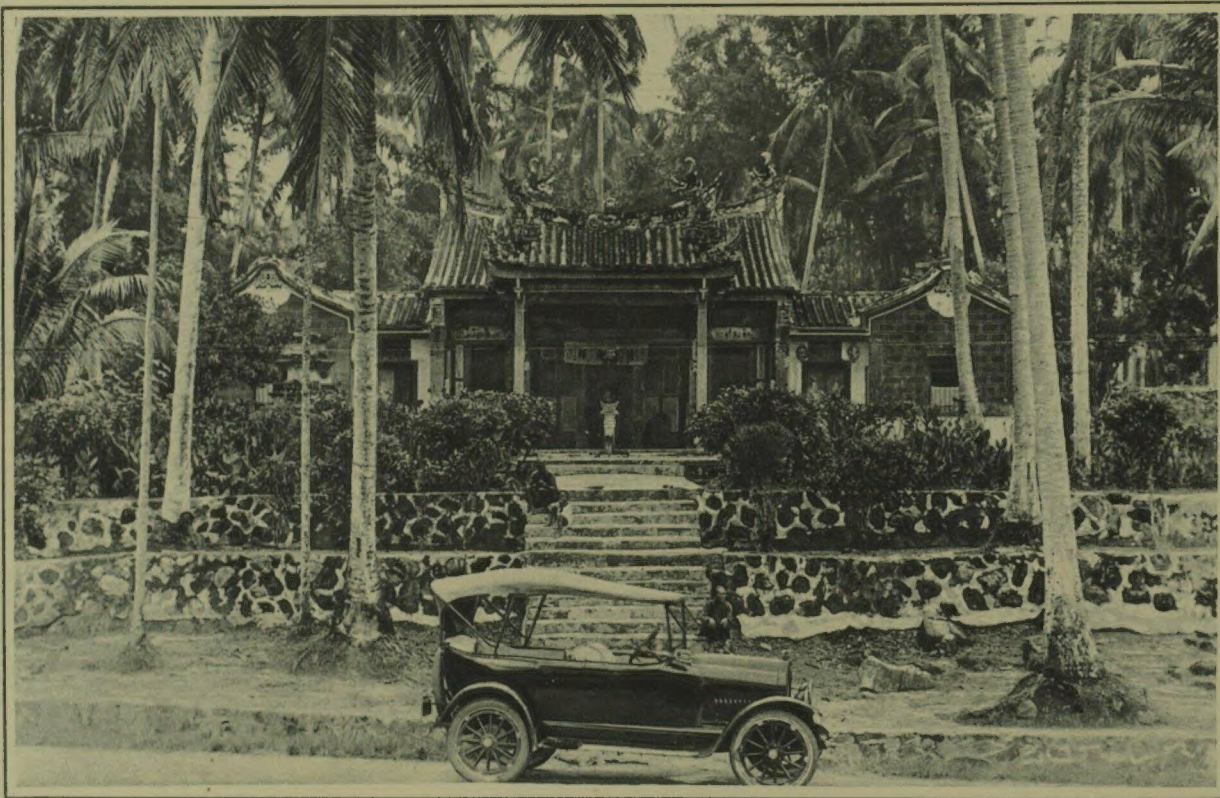
The Alsatian's fighting quality, apparently, is as much a matter of modern breeding as of lupine ancestry. "There was room in the mansion and cottage," we read, "for a really reliable guard, free from that 'hail-fellow-well-met' tendency of most, if not all, British breeds. Here was a dog that really would attack and mean it when it did, to protect its owner, and yet, with this ferocity, loyal and good-natured to his own master or mistress and the family and friends. So much importance is attached to such characteristics, that nervous animals are destroyed by conscientious owners rather than allow such faults to be transmitted. To eliminate timidity is the set purpose of both judges and the best breeders." No wonder the Alsatian is apt to be formidable.

On one matter concerning dogs that is exercising the public mind to-day—vivisection—I do not notice any remarks by Mr. Ash, and an entry in the index regarding "the use of the dog in medicine" turns out to refer to certain curious old Chinese customs, far from scientific—e.g., "The hair of the dog is used after being burnt to ashes to cure fevers," or, "The fat of the white dog will be used to cure chilblains."

Mr. Ash has not given a separate chapter to foxhounds, but some interesting facts are chronicled incidentally in that on the Dog in English History. Memories of the sport in what Whyte Melville called "the best head-

quarters in the world for fox-hunting" are richly shrouded in "THE HARBOUR COUNTRY." By Charles Simpson, R.I. With twenty-four illustrations in colour and fifty-two in black and white by the Author, and an Introduction by Lord Stalbridge, Joint Master of the Fernie Hunt. (Lane, 42s.; also special edition, limited to seventy-five copies, at £5 5s.). This is a large and beautifully produced book on the Fernie Hunt, forming a companion to Mr. Simpson's previous work ("*Leicestershire and Its Hunts*") on the Quorn, Cottesmore, and Belvoir. The new volume is associated with a tragedy, for shortly before it appeared, Mrs. Fernie, the widow of the Master after whom the Hunt was named, and herself its Master for some years after he died, was run over and killed by a train. The book is dedicated to the memory of her husband, Charles Fernie, and of another famous Master, William Tailby.

Mr. Simpson's book will delight not only hunting folk, but all who know the country he describes, for he wields a picturesque pen, and his colour plates are gems of landscape-painting as well as good sporting scenes. Nor does he confine his narrative to sport. He touches on the historical associations of the countryside, and the romantic traditions of old houses such as Wistow Hall, where Charles I. halted during his retreat from Naseby, and Nevill Holt ("now a preparatory school in connection with Uppingham"), a fifteenth-century house where, years ago, was found a mysterious walled-up room, containing a woman's body, never identified.



THE TEMPLE OF THE SNAKE GOD, CHOR SU KONG, NEAR PENANG: A RED ROOF WITH CURVING EAVES SURMOUNTED BY MEMBERS OF THE DRAGON FAMILY.

At the village of Sungei Kluang, near Penang, in the Malay Peninsula, is a palm-shaded temple in the Chinese style, where the Snake God is worshipped under the name of Chor Su Kong. Beside the entrance are granite tablets inscribed in Chinese, and decorated with relief carvings of snakes coiled beside an egg. The interior of the temple is illustrated on the opposite page.

Hunting men, and riders generally, will welcome a revised and enlarged edition of "*MOUNT AND MAN*," A Key to Better Horsemanship. By Lieut.-Colonel M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O. With a Foreword by Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, G.C.B. Illustrations by Lionel Edwards (Country Life, Ltd.; 12s. 6d.). Lord Allenby commends the book as that of an accomplished horseman who is "not merely the master but the friend of his horse." The author is a vigorous advocate of the "forward seat," as opposed to what he calls the "back-seat" school, and he replies effectively to critics of his first edition, which aroused some controversy. Knowing little myself of any mount but Shanks's pony, I must take a back seat on this point, but to readers of the equestrian order I can guarantee in the Colonel's book both instruction and entertainment, plus a wealth of pictorial pleasures in the drawings by Mr. Lionel Edwards, a prince among sporting artists.

I like the Colonel's classical touch in his metrical formulae for the approach to a jump, designed to prevent what might be termed "the deep damnation of his taking-off" incorrectly. "We might [he says] even make up Latin verses as we go along. It would be an inspiring novelty to hear the huntsman chant, *Armă vîrîşumquē cālîdă*; or a whipper-in mutter, *Vîdăo mîlîoră prîbîcî* on approaching their fences!" Here I am on more familiar ground, in the company of Virgil and Horace, and I can even cap the Colonel's quotations with a Virgilian hexameter, where the "galloping hooves" of a cavalry charge are audible even to those who have little Latin—

Quadrupēdāntē pūtîrēm sōnî tū quātîlūngulācāmpūn.

"Master Stripes," a

noble beast not encountered by the untravelled Londoner, save through the comforting medium of iron bars, is the protagonist of "*TIGER AND OTHER GAME*": The Practical Experiences of a Soldier Shikari in India. By Colonel A. E. Stewart. Illustrated (Longmans; 16s.). No book on big game that I remember makes more delightful reading; it is the work of one who is both sportsman and nature-lover, independent, adventurous, and animated by the spirit of Mowgli. Colonel Stewart writes as "a 'jungle foot slogger' who, with limited means, has always run his own show, been his own Shikari in every detail," and offers his experiences for the benefit of brother officers in similar circumstances. "Go into the jungle," he says, "with a true sporting instinct, not only to shoot and procure skins and horns, but to study the life of the 'jungle folk.' Learn the ways, the habits, and the cunning, not only of big game, but of the monkeys, vultures, buzzards, falcons, peafowl, jungle fowl, martins, weasels, stoats, and even of the insects." In the jungle, it seems, there are some social distinctions. "A tiger [we read], no matter in what frame of mind, always looks a gentleman; a contented gentleman or an angry one, but always a gentleman. With a panther it is the reverse; he looks what he really is, a perfect swine!"

Sport, as Colonel Stewart sees it, is a beneficent factor in preserving the balance of nature. His view of its

ethical side, in the passage on the use of tied bodas in a tiger-hunt, is convincing; while its value to the native population may be gathered from this sentence—"I have only once been after a man-eater, and he was shot by sitting up for him over his thirty-second victim, a woman he had pulled out of a village house."

To revert to the home land, devotees of rod and gun will enjoy "*HIT AND MISS*," A Book of Sporting Memories. By Lord Walsingham. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 6s.). The author recalls days of shooting and fishing on his Norfolk estate, at Merton, with some intimate recollections of that famous shot, his brother, the sixth Lord Walsingham. Among many other personal allusions is one to "that great sportsman, the late Sir Henry Seton-Karr"—this, in a later section of the book, on elk and stag shooting in Norway.

Sport is often associated with a love of natural history, and I complete my "bag" with three attractive books on nature-study pure and simple. In "*MARVELS OF POND LIFE*," By Ray Palmer, F.E.S., F.Z.S. With numerous Photographic Illustrations by the Author. (Thornton Butterworth; 6s.), that which is commonly regarded as the very symbol of stagnation, "a standing pond," is revealed as a world of wonder, easily accessible. It forms a self-contained community, including, of course, frogs and toads, on whose peculiar parental habits Mr. Pycraft discourses on another page in this number. A popular contribution to ornithology is entitled "*HOW BIRDS LIVE*," A Brief Account of Bird Life in the Light of Modern Observation. By E. M. Nicholson (Williams and Norgate; 3s. 6d.). It is intended to outline, as simply as possible, new discoveries which have broken fresh ground and disposed of many old beliefs. The author writes as "an observer who has studied the writings in question and personally tested them in the field." A coloured frontispiece is the only illustration. He is scornful of "sentimentalists," and avoids expressions of sympathy or affection. "Madam How" has a large literary progeny. Another of her latest-born is "*HOW TO ENJOY WILD FLOWERS*," By Marcus Woodward. With six Colour Plates. (Hodder and Stoughton. People's Library; 2s. 6d.). The author begins with a recipe "for 1 oz. enjoyment," in which he assigns 1 drachm to "the literature clinging to the flower." The proportion of this ingredient in his own confection is, I think, much larger, for it contains almost as many quotations as "Hamlet." The note of the book, in fact, is more allusive than didactic. C. E. B.

A TEMPLE FULL OF SACRED SNAKES: THE SHRINE OF CHOR SU KONG.



"THEY NESTLED IN THE BEGGING-BOWL . . . THEY DRAPED THEMSELVES ABOUT THE SHRINE AND LAY IN THE LAP OF THE GOD": THE INTERIOR OF THE SNAKE-GOD'S TEMPLE AT SUNGEI KLUANG, NEAR PENANG, WITH SNAKES ON THE ALTAR AND THE SACRIFICIAL TABLE.

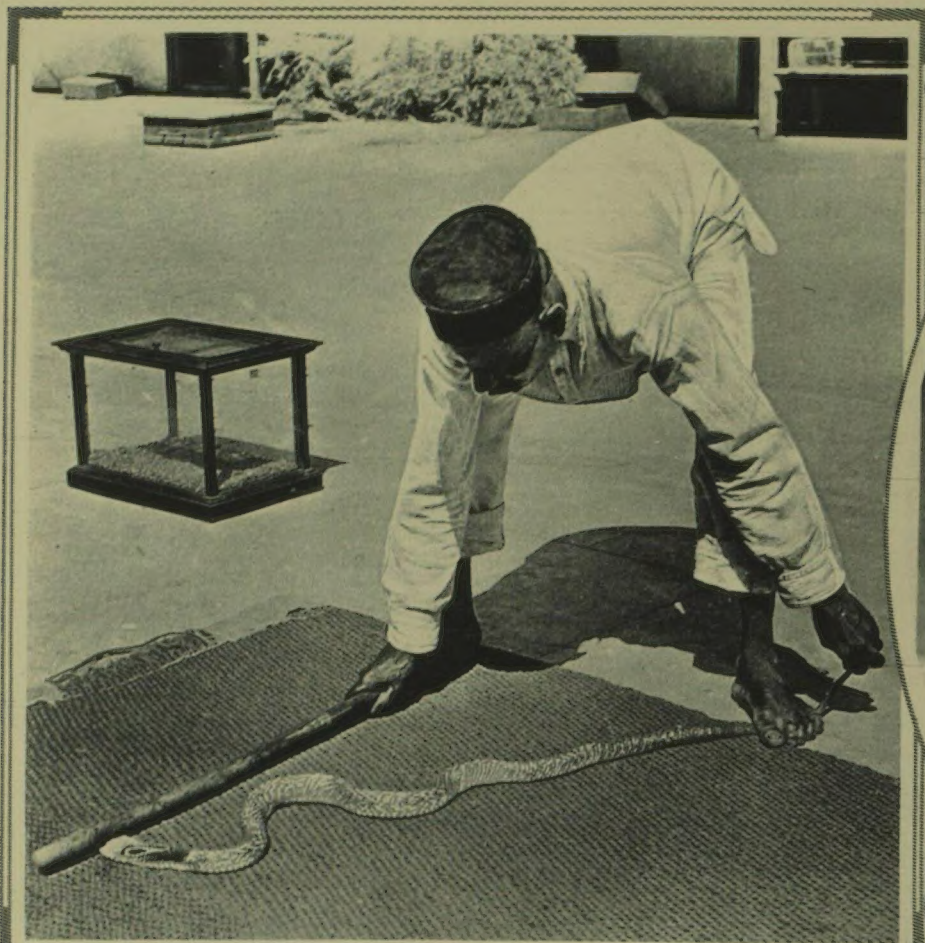


"THEY WERE CROWDED THICK IN TWIGS AND PLANTS SET IN BRASS BOWLS ON THE SACRIFICIAL TABLE; THERE WERE SNAKES FROM FIVE INCHES IN LENGTH TO GREAT MONSTERS": A CLOSE VIEW OF ONE OF THE CLUSTERS OF SACRED SNAKES SEEN IN THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION.

In this country snakes are not particularly esteemed, but at certain places in the East they are held sacred. Our American contemporary, "Asia Magazine," gives an interesting account, by Genevieve Wimsatt, of a visit to the temple of the Snake God, Chor Su Kong, at the village of Sungei Kluang, in the island of Penang, off the east coast of the Malay Peninsula, with the photographs reproduced above and on the opposite page. "My eyes," she writes, "dazzled by the blazing sun outside, were becoming accustomed to the religious gloom of the temple, and I stared about me for a sight of the far-famed inhabitants. A smiling priest motioned me to step back a little from the table. I jerked my head, just in time to escape a bright-green snake which was about to leave its perch in the branches of a plant in a vase and board my green

hat. Then I began to see them. They were crowded thick in the twigs and plants set in brass bowls on the sacrificial table; they coiled round the incense urn; they twined in and out among the red candles; they nestled in the begging-bowl; they draped themselves about the shrine and lay in the lap of the god. There were snakes from five inches in length to great monsters. The smaller ones were a bright apple-green; the larger ones, slate with yellowish markings. They never leave the temple, nor do they harm the worshippers, who place eggs in wooden baskets on the shrine for them to suck. I indicated that all the shells were intact. Beaming, the priest lifted out an egg and handed it to me. It was as light and hollow as an empty cocoon, and in one end there were two holes no bigger than pin-pricks."

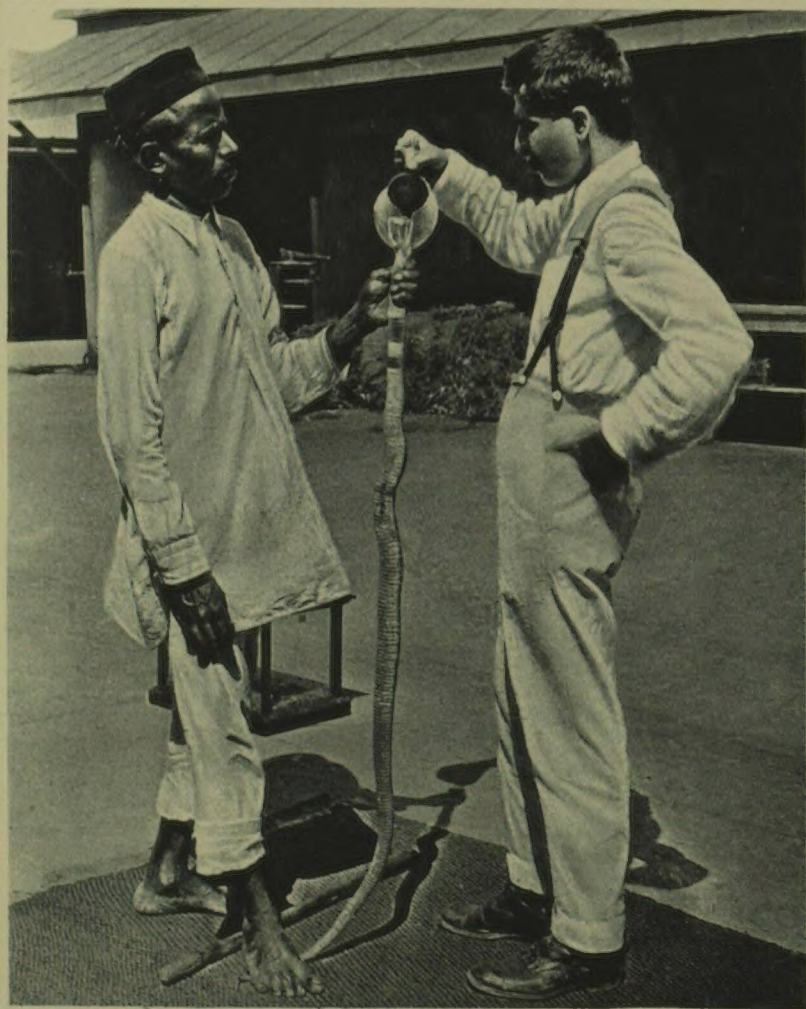
SNAKES USED TO CURE SNAKE-BITE: EXTRACTING VENOM FOR ANTI-TOXIN.



CATCHING A COBRA BY PRESSING A STICK ON ITS HEAD AND STANDING UPON ITS TAIL: AN OPERATOR AT AN INDIAN LABORATORY FOR SNAKE-BITE ANTIDOTES PREPARING TO SEIZE THE REPTILE BY THE NECK AND EXTRACT ITS VENOM.



EXTRACTING VENOM FROM A RUSSEL'S VIPER, WHOSE FANGS, BEING LONG, ARE MADE TO PROJECT OVER A SHALLOW GLASS DISH, INTO WHICH THE POISON IS SQUEEZED: AN OPERATION AT THE PAREL LABORATORY.



FEEDING A COBRA AT THE PAREL LABORATORY: POURING MILK THROUGH A GLASS FUNNEL DOWN ITS THROAT WHILE AN ATTENDANT HOLDS IT UP VERTICALLY BY THE NECK, WITH ONE FOOT ON THE END OF ITS TAIL.

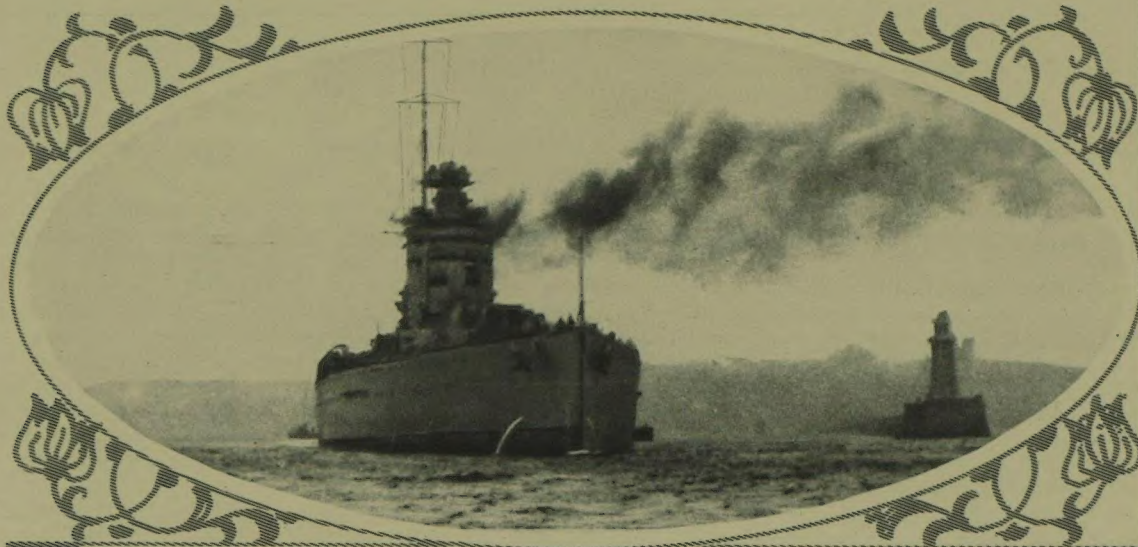


EXTRACTING VENOM FROM A COBRA, WHOSE FANGS, BEING SHORTER THAN THOSE OF THE RUSSEL'S VIPER, ARE HELD OVER A WINE-GLASS WITH A RUBBER COVERING: SQUEEZING OUT THE POISON.

Snake-bite is not a common danger in this country, but that it is not altogether absent, even for Londoners, was shown recently during the Easter holiday, when a young man walking in Epping Forest was bitten by an adder, awakened from its winter sleep, no doubt, by the sudden warmth of the weather. The adder, or viper, is the only poisonous reptile in England, and may be recognised by the dark zigzag marks along its back and by its squat and ugly head. It is seldom longer than 18 inches, and is smaller than the harmless grass snake, which has two yellow patches on the side of the head. The interesting photographs given above were taken at the Government Laboratories at Parel, Bombay, and show

the method of extracting venom from poisonous snakes for the purpose of making anti-venine for the treatment of snake-bite. The snake is thrown from its cage on to the ground, and a stick is quickly pressed behind its head, when it can be grasped with impunity. After the extraction of the venom from the fangs, the reptile is fed and put back into its cage, where it remains to accumulate a further supply. The anti-venine is obtained from the blood serum of horses which have been injected with gradually increasing doses of the venom. A similar laboratory for preparing antidotes to snake-bite, in Brazil, has been illustrated in a previous number of this paper.

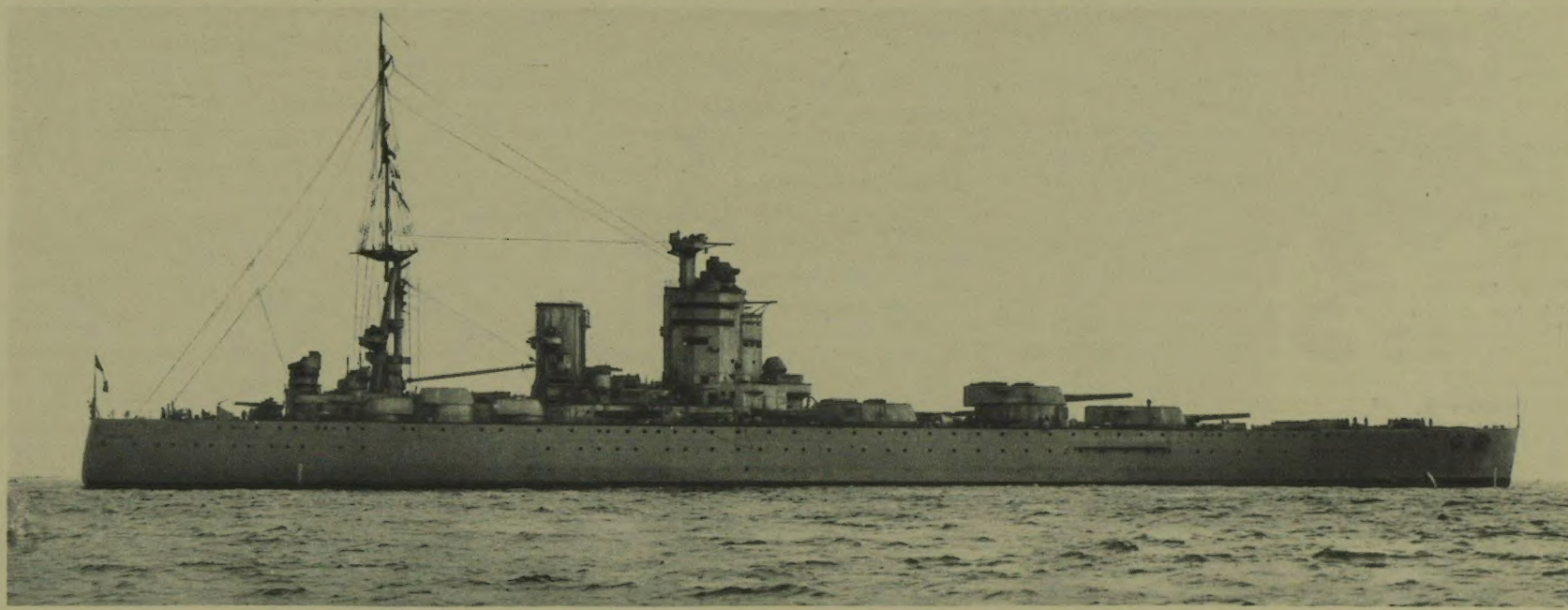
BRITAIN'S LATEST AND LARGEST BATTLE-SHIP: H.M.S. "NELSON" LEAVES THE TYNE.



THE NEW BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP, H.M.S. "NELSON," LEAVING THE TYNE FOR PORTSMOUTH FOR HER SEA TRIALS: A VIEW OF HER BOWS, SHOWING THE GREAT CONTROL-TOWER.



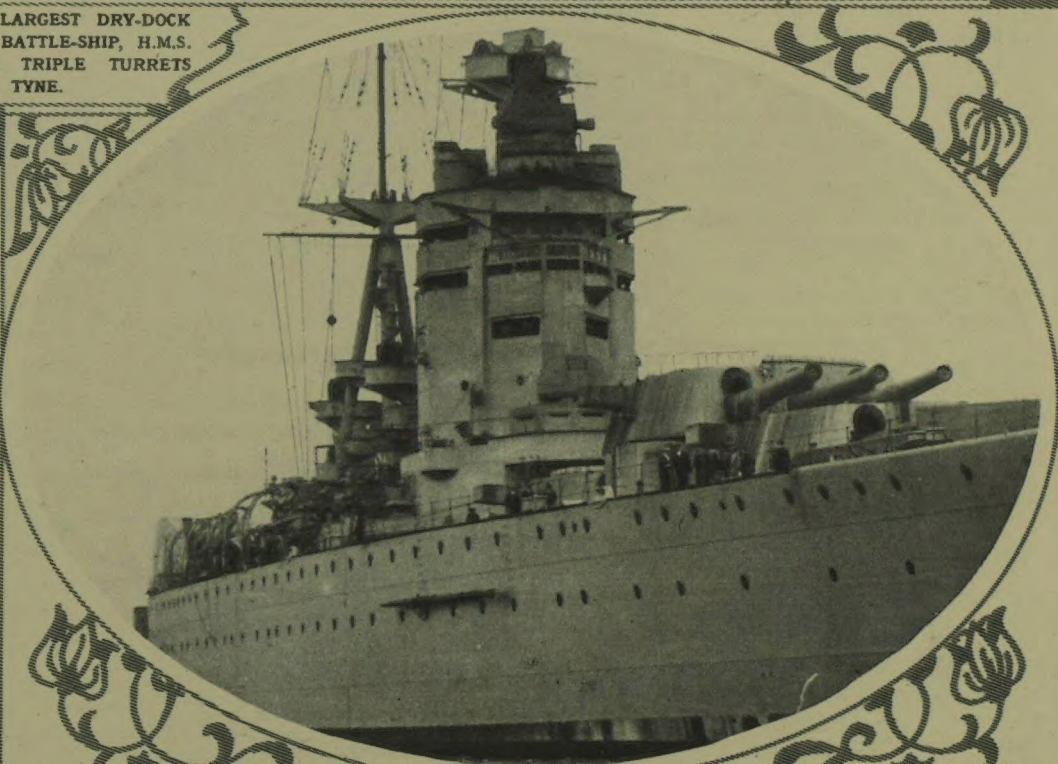
AN AFT VIEW OF THE MAST AND CONTROL-TOWER: THE STERN OF THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP, H.M.S. "NELSON."



SHOWING HER GREAT LENGTH, 702 FT. (TOO LONG FOR THE LARGEST DRY-DOCK ON THE TYNE): THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE NEW BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP, H.M.S. "NELSON," WITH NINE 16-INCH GUNS MOUNTED IN THREE TRIPLE TURRETS FORWARD OF THE CONTROL-TOWER—LEAVING THE TYNE.



THE CURIOUS FORESHORTENING EFFECT OF A THREE-QUARTER STERN VIEW: THE GREAT BATTLE-SHIP LOOKING HARDLY LONGER THAN A TUG.



A NEAR VIEW OF THE HUGE CONTROL-TOWER, SHOWING ALSO ONE OF THE THREE TRIPLE TURRETS AND ITS 16-INCH GUNS: H.M.S. "NELSON," THE LARGEST BATTLE-SHIP EVER BUILT ON THE TYNE.

The new battle-ship, H.M.S. "Nelson," the largest in the British Navy, left the Walker Naval Yard of her builders, Messrs. Armstrong Whitworth, on April 22, and was towed down the Tyne amid much cheering from crowds ashore at North and South Shields. After being escorted out of the river by tugs, she left for Portsmouth to be docked and to undergo her sea trials. She will then return to the Walker yard for finishing touches. She is 702 ft. long and has a displacement of 35,000 tons. Her length and beam were too great for the largest dry-dock on the Tyne, that at Hebburn, which is 700 ft. long. She carries nine 16-inch guns mounted forward in three triple turrets, and a secondary armament

including twelve 6-inch guns, six 4.7 anti-aircraft guns, 28 smaller guns, and two torpedo-tubes. The propelling machinery—geared turbines of 45,000 h.p., made by the Wallsend Slipway and Engineering Company—is designed to give her a maximum speed of 23 knots. The total cost of the "Nelson" is estimated at £7,000,000. She is due for completion in June, and her sister-ship, H.M.S. "Rodney," in August, on the Mersey. The "Nelson" is at present commanded by Captain the Hon. M. R. Best, D.S.O., M.V.O.; but, as he has been appointed Chief of Staff to the new Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet (Sir Hubert Brand), he will be succeeded in the "Nelson," on July 1, by Captain S. J. Meyrick.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE DISCOVERY OF NAZIMOVA.—THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB.

THE Nazimova is coming again to London, and great are the expectations of her second début, this time at the Coliseum. It is twenty-two years since she created a sensation at the Avenue Theatre—now the Playhouse—in Eugene Tschirikoff's pogrom drama, "The Chosen People." Since then she has become America's most renowned actress: they call her "the star of a thousand moods"; a theatre is named after her; she has played many great parts since, after five months' study, she mastered the English language and conquered New York with her unsurpassed creation of Hedda Gabler.

Her "discovery"—or I will rather call it her excavation, for she had toured in Europe for several years before London lifted her into fame—came about like this. One day in 1905 I received a visit from a young Russian, Mr. Orlenoff, who was anxious to bring over a company of Jewish Russian actors with a propaganda play, "The Chosen People." It was the period of persecution of the Jews in Russia, and he thought that the play would rouse the English people and the Government to send a protest and an appeal to the Tsar. I read a German translation of the play and was much impressed—it was a terrible and tragic exposure of cruelty and suffering, and, as far as I could judge, the drama had all the qualities to interest the public. But, I objected, who understands Russian in London except the refugees? How can we find an audience to warrant the visit of a fairly numerous company? Orlenoff was not to be beaten: he produced a bundle of press-cuttings from Berlin, all full of praise. What was possible in Berlin, was it not possible in London? And then he proceeded: "There is a young actress in my company who will set all London talking. Her name is Alla Nazimova—she is beautiful and a genius. I feel sure if you see her you will be convinced; let me bring her to you; promise that you will help us." And so shortly afterwards he introduced her into my little study, and never shall I forget the impression she made on me. She was not beautiful then in the English sense of the word; she was not elegant; she did not speak a word of English and very little German; but she had a voice that sounded like harps in the air, and she had eyes—so lustrous, so wondrous, so expressive, full of tenderness, depth, and passion—that for a long time afterwards they haunted me like a superhuman vision. At Orlenoff's behest she acted a fragment of a scene, and, although I could but follow the sense, I was carried away.

So we joined hands and forged ahead. A few friends promised a small sum for "preliminaries"; we secured a week at the Avenue Theatre—capitally situated for the Jews of Whitechapel, who, as Orlenoff rightly prophesied, would turn up in battalions—at a rental that in these days would seem absurd. We circularised all the "earnest students" of the drama we could lay hold of; we advertised dexterously with little money; the Press showed some interest. On the night of Jan. 21, 1905, every reserved seat was booked, and the Children of Israel queued in one long line from the pit and gallery doors to the Underground. Hundreds were turned away. Rarely have I seen elsewhere than in Covent Garden such an audience. Cabinet Ministers were there; all the world of literature and society; in the front row Mme. Olga de Novikoff (née de Kireeff), leader of fashion and reported to be an unofficial emissary of the Tsar. The play gripped from the first. Its every actor was an artist. But above the crowd

towered the figure of Nazimova. The moment she spoke, the audience hung on her lips; her eyes cast a spell; if her words were alien to the majority, at any rate in stall and dress-circle, her countenance spoke volumes; she was the incarnation of a long-suffering, ill-used race. When at length she delivered a speech which in its accents of denunciation equalled Zola's "J'accuse" in the Dreyfus case, the audience rose in a frenzy. Mme. de Novikoff ostentatiously left her seat in the front row of the stalls and walked out, and the clamour that greeted this exit of protest betokened how profoundly Nazimova's words had stirred the emotions of the Jews and Russian refugees alike. When the curtain fell to thunderous applause, one heard nothing but "Nazimova—great

were soon consumed; when America sent signal to come over there was no money to pay the fares. Then Nazimova and Orlenoff appealed to that great-hearted woman, Ellen Terry—who had been present at the first night and declared herself a fervent admirer of the Russian actress—and under her influential auspices a matinée was organised to send the company with "Godspeed" across the Atlantic. Thanks to our beloved Ellen Terry, we gathered sufficient for the purpose. They sailed; five months later we learned that Nazimova had made her appearance in English as Hedda Gabler and had carried New York by storm.

They were still hammering when we entered the new Arts Theatre Club in Great Newport Street, at dinner-time. The master of the house, Mr. Walter Payne, gave a helping hand hither and thither; in the hall there was a throng, many celebrities of the stage, the brush, and the pen. Dinner was served with difficulty, but well, in the fine oak room and the cosy green room; but we had to leave the dessert untouched, for punctually to the minute the electric bell summoned us to the theatre, the *clou* of the new club. Here all was spick and span, and we were at once impressed by the structure of the master-builder, Mr. P. Morley Horder; he has done wonders within the walls of the erstwhile printing works. It is now a most comfortable *intime* little theatre, holding 320 in stalls and balcony. The seating is as comfortable as in a student's den, every armchair permits a full vision of the stage. There is *Stimmung* in the house.

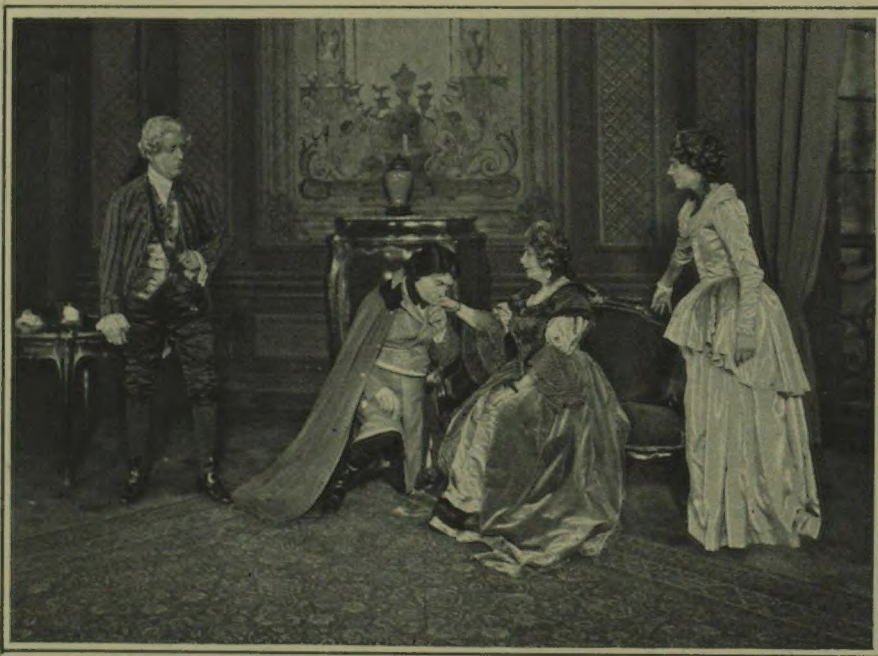
Anon the curtain rose, and we were at once captivated by the free and easy manner of the *compère*, Mr. Lawrence Anderson. He presented to us a series of living wax-works, effigies of stage favourites with imitations to match. It was a good début, with tuneful music by the author of "Twenty-five," Mr. Beverley Nichols, whose originality was even more marked in his song the "Libido Baby," delightful mockery of the sex-craze, by the brothers Farjeon, lustily sung by Leslie French and Florence McHugh. As in all revues at their birth, there are good and indifferent numbers in "Picnic." The "Pic" is excellent, and the "Nic" will diminish by excision. Charming things included a song "When Our Grannies were Sweet Twenty-One," the 1927 girl viewed through spectacles thirty years after. Mr. Franklyn Gilmour sang this number, and many others, with a voice full of warmth. Charming, too, was the old-world Thames picnic, when the sentimental ballad and coy manners were in flower. The punch came in "New Masters," an exquisitely funny parody of a famous Sargent picture and a rhapsody in praiseful derision of Elwin Neame's photographic art. And so on and so forth, with the indefatigable aid of such talented people as Florence McHugh—a little

live-wire—Miss Millie Sim, and, besides those named, Miss Elizabeth Pollock, undoubtedly the success of the evening. Her imitations of Miss Edith Evans, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Edna Best especially, and Miss Sybil Thorndike were simply wonderful. Strange that in one week two imitators—Miss Pollock and Miss Penn (in "C.O.D.")—should be the "aces" of a voluminous programme. Would that I had space to accord a *cordon bleu* to the many cooks, none of whom spoil this delightful broth—the brothers Farjeon, Harold Scott, and all the rest of the gay poets and troubadours—who turned this "Picnic" into a joyful "beano."



SIR MARTIN HARVEY'S SEASON AT THE GARRICK: THE BINET TROUPE OF "SCARAMOUCHE."

actress," and a commingling of names, Duse, Sarah. I went on the stage to bring her the glorious tidings; and there she sat, the heroine of the evening, cowering on a little stool, bathed in tears, and she clutched



"SCARAMOUCHE," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE: THE SCENE IN MME. DE PLOUGASTEL'S SALON.

Sir Martin Harvey plays the title-rôle in "Scaramouche," the romantic drama by Rafael Sabatini, recently produced at the Garrick Theatre. The high-spirited and thrilling story is well known both in novel form and in its screen version.

my hands and kissed them. Orlenoff, by her side, told me that she could not believe it possible that she had conquered with one fell swoop. She was modesty itself; she did not know then what the future had in store for her; that a few years later there would arise in New York the Nazimova Theatre, built in her honour.

That week the Avenue was filled to overflow, and it was hoped that the provinces would be eager to answer London's call. But nothing happened; not even the Parliamentary intervention in the cause of the Russian Jews. The company lingered in London; the profits—£226; I remember the figure—

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA: IX.—THE MRS. GRAY'S WATERBUCK.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY RAOUL MILLAIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE Mrs. Gray's Waterbuck, or Kob, inhabits the papyrus swamps of the Sudd region of the Upper Nile, and also several swamps inland in the Bahr-el-Chazal country. The nature of these swamps makes the hunting of this animal a very difficult task. It is necessary to plough one's way through stinking mud and water up to the waist, while the thick coarse grass or reeds prevent anything but the slowest progress. This grass has a cutting edge like a razor. I once caught hold of a piece when chasing game, and nearly had the top of my first finger cut off.

TO BE FOUND ONLY BY PLOUGHING WAIST-DEEP THROUGH PAPYRUS SWAMPS: THE MRS. GRAY'S WATERBUCK.

The large illustration shows a hunter forcing a laborious passage through a papyrus swamp, and being surprised by the sudden appearance of a buck, which leaps from the reed bed close to him. The animal was first discovered by Theodor von Heuglia in 1855, when he brought home skins and skulls, together with a living female, but this did not survive long. A few years later Consul Petherick brought home heads and skins to the British Museum, and these were described by Dr. Gray, who subsequently named the animal after his wife. It is sometimes known as the "Nile Lechwee," but it is not apparently allied to the other "Lechwees." It is curious, however, that the Dinkas of the Nile Valley always know it by the name "Mrs Gray." The adult buck is a brownish black in colour, and has a large white patch

on the top of the shoulder which sometimes spreads over the back of the neck up to the bases of the horns. His feet are well suited to the type of country he inhabits. These are very long and pointed, though not so long as those of the Sitatunga, and enable him to walk over the reeds lying on the water. It is often quite impossible to get a steady shot at a "Mrs. Gray," as one's foothold is so uncertain, and the mosquitoes, rising in clouds around one, get in the eyes, ears, and nose, and bite unmercifully all the time. Those "Mrs. Grays" which I personally came across lived on an inland swamp which had scarcely ever been visited by white men, and I am certain that no shot had ever been fired at them. They were, nevertheless, very wild, and the does were always on the look-out.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S

By JOHN OWEN.

A Picturesque Occasion. In May 1780 was opened the first exhibition of the Royal Academy. The show was held at Somerset House. To-day we go there for wills. What is the proportion of artists to the rest of the will-making population who have had anything to leave?

One of the people who was "noticed to be present" on that first occasion was Horace Walpole, who refers to what he calls "quite a Roman Palace and finished in perfect taste as well as boundless expense. It would have been a glorious apparition

York Minster and Lincoln Cathedral, broke in with, "Say, that's very good of you to call one of your cathedrals after our greatest President." Some small defect in our chronological instinct can often give us the pleasantest results, as when a newspaper discovered the debt of Omar Khayyam to Robert Burns.

It is to be feared that no part of the credit for the foundation of Lincoln College can ever be shared in America: it all belongs to that Richard Fleming who was Bishop of the cathedral in the earlier part of the fifteenth century. Fleming was Prebendary of York, and was Rector of Boston, famous for its Stump. He seems to have had a varied spiritual history, as on the one hand we have Arundel suspecting him of lending support to Wycliffe, while, on the other, we see him standing up for the Pope, being, in consequence, refused promotion to York, though appointed thereto by Rome. Curiously enough, the College established by Fleming at Oxford became at once a centre for Reformation activities, and its subsequent history makes it significant of spiritual and intellectual independence. A number of famous men have been associated with it, but I suppose that in literature two books will at once occur to the mind, quite sufficiently contrasted in character though they are, as exemplifying the quality of Lincoln. One might stand for Lincoln's most famous son, and is the "Journal" of John Wesley; the other could show the College's most celebrated Rector, and is the "Memoirs" of Mark Pattison.

The Blues. Actually Wesley, "Some time Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford," as the title-page of his Journals announce him, makes only one reference in the famous diary to his old college. A man so distinguished not only for putting

first things first, but for turning his back even on his most immediate past, and who, having married a wife, could not allow even that not unimportant circumstance to keep him from resuming his work on the day following the wedding, was not likely to trouble his memory with thoughts of his early days at Oxford. When he does remember Lincoln it is on the occasion of his visiting Sevenoaks and being led over the seat of the Duke of Dorset. The illustrious Methodist was in Kent to preach; but he could fill a morning as easily as others in visiting famous or beautiful houses. "The park," he says of the Duke's home, "is the pleasantest I ever saw; the trees are so elegantly disposed. The house, which is at least two hundred years old, is immensely large. It consists of two squares, considerably bigger than the two quadrangles in Lincoln College."

If Wesley says little about Lincoln, he frequently records visits to Oxford, where he is told, "all here are so prejudiced that they will hear nothing you say." "I know not that," says Wesley. "However, I am to deliver my own soul whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear."



Queen Elizabeth visits St. Paul's in State on Nov. 24th 1588 to return thanks for the victory over the Armada.



RUSTIC FRENCH CHILDHOOD IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: "LES SEVREUSES" (THE DRY-NURSES)—A PICTURE BY JEAN BAPTISTE GREUZE INCLUDED IN A FORTHCOMING SALE.

This little picture by Greuze, measuring 12 in. by 15 in., was exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1765. It is in the collection inherited by the late Hon. Mrs. Yorke from her father, the late Sir Anthony Rothschild, Bt., to be offered for sale at Christie's on May 6, among other examples of the French School of the eighteenth century, including that reproduced on the opposite page.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.]

at the conclusion of the great war: now it is an insult on our poverty and degradation." So that that worthy sort of self-consciousness was not entirely absent from the national mind even then! Walpole goes on to comment ironically on what he calls a "signpost" by Benjamin West, showing the King "holding the memorial" of his last campaign, "lest we should forget that he was at Coxheath when the French fleet was in Plymouth Sound."

Sweetness and Light.

The Private View of the Royal Academy is presently followed by every artist giving his private view of the latest performance of the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. In 1842 Chantrey left the reversion of his estate to the Academy to buy pictures. It was not till thirty-four years afterwards that the property became available. Chantrey's idea, expressed in his will, was that, as soon as the Bequest collection should be large enough, a building for the pictures should be provided by the Government. But nobody in Whitehall lay awake at night wrestling with the problem of how this new gallery was to be established, and the matter was shelved. Some of the pictures were hung at South Kensington, long celebrated as a fount of plastic inspiration. Others of the Chantrey pictures were recommended for a tour of the great cities: anything to dodge the haunting spirit of Sir Francis! What the Government did not do, private generosity did; the unreason of the State was overcome by what might be called the sweet reasonableness of Sir Henry Tate; and the Tate Gallery was at last the result.

The Genius of Lincoln.

The Press has been calling attention to the coming celebration of the five-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Lincoln College, Oxford. Lincoln, of course, takes its name from the fact that it is directly the child of the famous see whose name it bears. The old story recurs of the American visitor to England who, being much pleased with St. Paul's, asked if we had no other cathedrals in stock, so to speak; and being answered that we had

By the way, the Journals afford a good example of how a descriptive term may come to have an entirely different meaning. We read that on one occasion Wesley's congregation included "a troop of Oxford blues."

A College of Mark.

From Wesley to Mark Pattison makes a sufficiently long jump! Pattison was not originally of Lincoln; the circumstances in which a college was found for him are well known to readers of his Memoirs. Pattison was an example of the man in whom curiously contrasted qualities are found in association. He had an almost terrible sanity of outlook, but the strongest prejudices, a very pretty feeling for the sort of characterisation that does not err by sentimentalising, great organising qualities, and a sharp pen. If there had been an annual prize for the man who imparted the least gladness into his sufferance of fools, Mark Pattison would have "rung the bell."

His attitude to certain "rabbits" disguised as Fellows, whom he encountered from time to time, must have been amusing to observe, and the poor little things must often have scampered in terror off their own lawns when they saw him coming. He was an immense success in his own way, and a great man. The inevitable contrast was made between him and Jowett, who believed supremely in examinations—whereas Mark Pattison disliked this specialisation and concentration on individuals. Has Balliol or Lincoln won?

Another John. How long does the face of one of London's accepted celebrities continue to be known when the man himself has withdrawn from public life? I see a reference to Mr. John Burns. It seems only a few years ago since that name stood for the most electric figure in London. People stood at street corners to watch him pass, and I have often seen thrilled spectators in the lobbies of the House of Commons crane eagerly to catch one of those glimpses which the hero never seemed to refuse. And yet I have twice watched Mr. Burns in recent months passing unnoticed even in the shadow of the scenes of old triumphs. It was the same John—the same great head on the short body, the same cut of blue jacket—the same John Burns, and yet perhaps a more mellow, a well-content John Burns going about quietly, and seeing signs, in so many places, of the things that his energetic genius helped to achieve.



ARISTOCRATIC FRENCH CHILDHOOD IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: "THE CHILDREN OF COMTE BÉTHUNE PLAYING WITH A DOG," A PICTURE (DATED 1761) BY FRANÇOIS HUBERT DRONAI, ABOUT TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER.

In the catalogue of Christie's sale of eighteenth-century French pictures, on May 6, we read, regarding the above: "The children are probably Arnaud Louis, Marquis de Béthune, born 1756, and Arnaud Louis Jean, Chevalier de Béthune, born 1757, sons of Louis Arnaud, Marquis de Béthune, born 1711, married in 1746 to Marie Edmée de Boullonge (died 1753), and re-married in 1755 to Marie Thérèse Crozat, daughter of Crozat, Baron de Thiers."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

A FRENCH ROYAL PORTRAIT FOR SALE: NATTIER'S "MADAME VICTOIRE."

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



THE FAVOURITE DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV.: "MADAME VICTOIRE DE FRANCE," A PORTRAIT BY JEAN MARC NATTIER.

One of the most interesting pictures in the forthcoming sale at Christie's, on May 6, of pictures and drawings of the French School of the eighteenth century, is this portrait of Madame Victoire, the property of Viscountess Harcourt, formerly (in 1887) in the collection of the Earl of Lonsdale. It is the work of Jean Marc Nattier the younger (1685 to 1766), son of a Paris artist of the same name. In 1716 he painted the Tsar of Russia at Amsterdam, and two years later got the *entrée* to the Paris Academy with a picture of Perseus bearing the head of Medusa. Subsequently he practised portraiture with success until his death. Madame Victoire, daughter of Louis XV. and his Queen, Marie Lescynska, was born at

Versailles in 1733. She was the King's favourite daughter (we read in Larousse's "Dictionnaire"), and, with her sister, Mme. Louise, tended him devotedly on his death-bed when others had forsaken him, herself contracting the small-pox which was one of his maladies. In the next reign, she and her sisters were relegated by Marie Antoinette to Bellevue or Meudon. At the Revolution, Mme. Victoire escaped, with her sister Adelaide, after many adventures, to Rome. Later, they lived at Albano, Naples, and Trieste, where they both died in 1799. Their remains were brought back to France in 1817, and buried at St. Denis.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

FROGS AND TOADS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE received two queries lately concerning frogs and toads, and their methods of disposing of their eggs, which rather surprised me. For I imagined everybody knew that these were, and had to be, deposited in water. Furthermore, I supposed everybody to be familiar with the masses of clear, jelly-like spheres, enclosing a smaller sphere of jet black, laid by the common frog, and with the chain-like bands of eggs laid by the toads. The clear, jelly-like sphere forms a protecting envelope for the delicate mass of yolk and the minute germ of living tissue destined to develop into frog or toad, as the case may be. From that yolk the germ derives its food, till presently a little black tadpole takes the place of the original black sphere. But why is that yolk, and why are the tadpoles which have fed upon it, inky black? To our thinking, the yolk of an egg should be yellow. You must remember that these eggs are deposited in ice-cold water, and in places where the uncertain sun of March and early April cannot too easily reach them. Therefore are they black, for black attracts all the heat there is to be got. There is always a reason for Nature's apparent eccentricities, and this can generally be found if we only go the right way to work to find it.

Though much tempted to discuss the further history of these tadpoles, I must refrain, for else I must spoil the many strange things I want to tell about the eggs of frogs and toads which, by force of circumstances, must devise other means of disposing of their eggs than by simply abandoning them to their fate in some stagnant ditch. Egg-laying creatures of all kinds present us with this puzzle—that, when they cannot abandon their eggs without exposing them to certain destruction, they devise means (often entailing, one would suppose, great personal inconvenience) of guarding them, or even of carrying them about their persons.

This is true of frogs and toads. Let me cite the case of the Midwife-toad (*Alytes obstetricans*), a species common in France, Spain, and Portugal. As its story will show, the name was bestowed under a misapprehension. For it is not the wife but the poor hen-pecked husband that has to take over the parental duties. As soon as the eggs are expelled, he fertilises them, and then thrusts his hind-legs through the mass, for they are held one to another by convenient threads, and carries them about with him (Fig. 1).



FIG. 3.—THE SURINAM TOAD'S PECULIAR "DORSAL NURSERY": EGGS (IN CUP-LIKE HOLLOW OF SKIN) LAID ON HER BACK BY THE CURIOUS OVIPOSITOR SEEN ABOVE THE LEFT THIGH.

After Boulenger.

In the Surinam toad the eggs are also deposited on the back and by a special ovipositor, seen as a large sac over the left thigh. The eggs, as it were, sink down into the skin, and remain, each in a cup of its own. Here the tadpoles are hatched, and remain in residence till they emerge as complete toads.

By day he hides in a hole, not so much to escape the jibes of neighbours as to protect the eggs from the heat of the sun. At night he sallies forth to feed, as well as to bathe his treasures in the dew. When possible he will take a plunge into water, to give them a thorough soaking. Since these eggs are relatively large, containing an unusual amount of food-yolk,



FIG. 1.—A HEN-PECKED HUSBAND WHO CARRIES THE "CHILDREN": THE "MIDWIFE-TOAD" (*ALYTES OBSTETRICANS*) WITH EGGS ON HIS HIND-LEGS.

After Boulenger.

The little *Alytes obstetricans* carries its eggs dutifully about with him on his hind-legs. Till recently it was naturally supposed that the bearer of this precious burden was the female, hence the name "Midwife-toad."

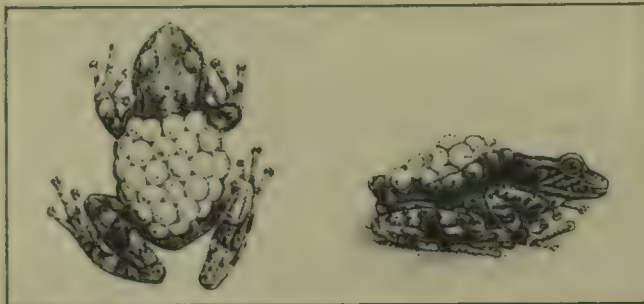


FIG. 2.—A MOTHER THAT CARRIES HER EGGS ON HER BACK: THE LITTLE GOELDI'S FROG (*HYLA GOELDII*) OF BRAZIL.

After Boulenger.

In the little Goeldi's frog the eggs are shifted forwards on to the back, and held in place by a fillet of skin running round the base of the egg-mass. These are borne by the female.

the resulting tadpoles pass the earlier stages of their development in the egg. When the time for their emergence is at hand, which he instinctively divines, he makes for the water, into which the youngsters escape. Those produced from eggs laid early in the year complete their development into toads before the end of the autumn. Later-hatched youngsters hibernate for the winter, and may take nearly a year and a quarter to complete their development. But in any case it is interesting to note that the little toads, as they leave the water, are smaller than they were as tadpoles.

The little Brazilian frog known as Goeldi's frog (*Hyla Goeldii*) goes one better. Here the nurse is the mother. And she carries her eggs, about two-and-twenty in number—for the numbers are always small where they are carefully guarded—on her back (Fig. 2). For their greater safety the skin around the outside of the mass—and I draw particular attention to this point—grows upwards to form a kind of protecting, enveloping fillet, the more remarkable as this frog is the only one of its genus which thus disposes of its eggs. One species common in Germany lays its eggs, in clumps of 800 to 1000, in the water, and leaves them to their fate; another, American, attaches its eggs to leaves and grasses in water; another makes a little pond of mud and deposits its eggs therein; others send them adrift in a little raft of froth.

Let me turn now to a relative of *Hyla Goeldii*, the Pouched-frog (*Nototrema marsupiatum*) of the tropical forests of South America. Here the eggs are stowed away in a large chamber extending over the whole of the back, and opening behind (Fig. 4). How they are placed here no one seems to know, but this pouch has evidently been developed out of a sometime fillet like that of *Hyla Goeldii*. This, by gradually growing upwards over the back, has at last come to form the pouch, by the final fusion of the upgrowing edges of the fillet. We can carry the evolution of this dorsal

nursery a stage further. This is seen in the repulsive-looking Surinam toad. This creature deposits her eggs on her back by means of a special tube, formed by the end of the intestine, and capable of protrusion as the eggs are laid. This tube, or "ovipositor," can be seen in the lower left photograph (Fig. 3), lying over the left thigh. As soon as they are placed in position the skin of the back grows up round each egg, so as to enclose it as in a cup. Here they remain till the tadpole stage is complete, and the young toads are ready to fend for themselves.

There are several species of small South American frogs, belonging to different genera, which apparently deposit their eggs in clumps, in damp places, and sit beside them till they hatch, when they—that is to say, both parents—take their young on their backs and convey them to the water. In some species the youngsters hang on by means of the sucker-like mouth; in others the moist surface of the belly seems sufficiently adhesive to maintain the necessary hold.

Finally, there are at least two species of South American frogs belonging to the genus *Phyllomedusa* (they seem to have no name in common speech) which recall the tailor-bird in the construction of the strange nests they make for their eggs. They are tree-dwellers. When the eggs are ready for extrusion, the male and female, between them, bring the edges of a leaf together by means of their hind-feet, so as to form a funnel-shaped cavity like a grocer's sugar-bag. Into this the female pours a few eggs, which are then fertilised by the male; then a second and a third laying are made. As each successive batch settles down, the sticky covering of the eggs serves to hold the edges of the leaf in position. When, at last, the nest is full, the eggs are left to hatch. When this takes place, the young drop out into the water below, for a leaf is always chosen which overhangs water. Such nests generally contain about a hundred eggs and take about three-quarters of an hour to fill.

Though I have by no means exhausted the number of such strange modes of parental care, I have probably said enough to show that frogs and toads are really much more wonderful creatures than most people would suspect. These are all, it will be noted, "shifts for a living" contrived to meet special circumstances, and they are all the more interesting on this account.

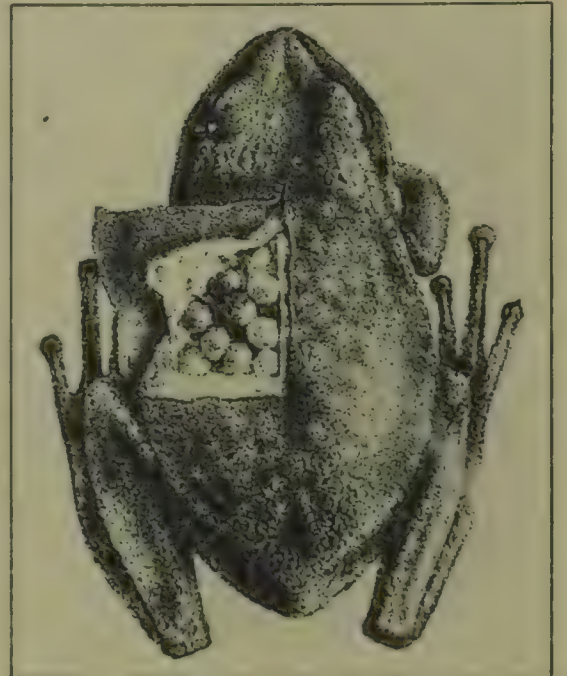


FIG. 4.—WITH A "POCKET" ALL OVER ITS BACK FOR THE EGGS, MADE TO OPEN: THE MARSUPIAL, OR POUCHED, FROG (*NOTOTREMA MARSUPIATUM*) OF SOUTH AMERICA.

After Gunther.

The Marsupial, or Pouched, frog goes one better than Goeldi's frog, shown in Fig. 2. The fillet of skin grows upward over the egg-mass to form a large pouch, or closed chamber, extending over the whole of the back, and provided with an opening behind.

AT WASHINGTON, YET SEEN IN NEW YORK: A GREAT TELEVISION FEAT.



SEEING THE FACE WHILST HEARING THE VOICE, IN NEW YORK, OF A SPEAKER AT WASHINGTON: MR. WALTER S. GIFFORD (AT NEW YORK) IN COMMUNICATION WITH SECRETARY HOOVER (AT WASHINGTON).



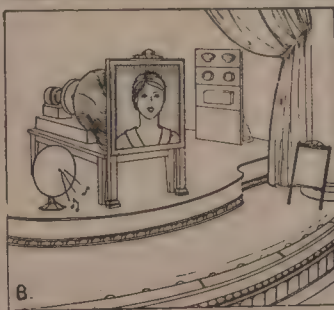
THE OWNER OF THE FACE AND VOICE TRANSMITTED FROM WASHINGTON, WHO WAS SEEN BY TELEVISION (AND ALSO HEARD) IN NEW YORK: SECRETARY HOOVER TELEPHONING IN FRONT OF THE PHOTO-ELECTRIC "EYES."

TELEVISION, which permits sight of a distant moving scene, has been a dream of inventors almost ever since the invention of the telephone. General ideas as to possible methods of television have been proposed at various times, but, despite all attempts to apply these ideas, no practicable system capable of meeting the severe requirement of transmitting visible images over long distances was developed prior to the recent feat achieved by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company through its Bell Telephone Laboratories, when, during a telephone conversation between Secretary Hoover at Washington and Mr. Walter S. Gifford at New York, television permitted Mr. Gifford to see as well as to hear Mr. Hoover, whose facial expressions were visible with distinctness. Following a short conversation, Mr. Gifford asked Mr. Hoover to speak to the guests assembled at New York. Connections were then established with a larger form of television equipment, which permitted all the guests to view on a large screen the face and moving expressions of Mr. Hoover at Washington, and to hear his voice from a loud-speaker. The transmissions from Washington to New York were by wire, and other demonstrations from Whippany to New York were

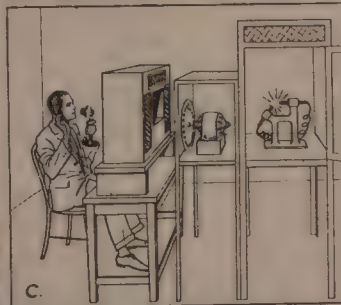
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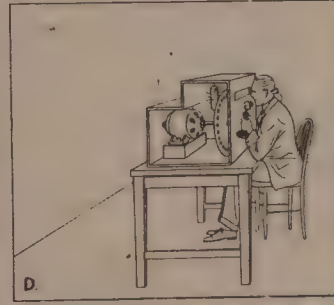
A.



B.



C.



D.

ILLUSTRATING TELEVISION PRINCIPLES: A—A SINGER AND HER VOICE BEING TRANSMITTED BY RADIO; B—THE SINGER AS SEEN AND HEARD BY A DISTANT AUDIENCE; C—APPARATUS FOR SENDING THE FACE AND VOICE BY TELEPHONE WIRES; D—THE IMAGE AND VOICE BEING RECEIVED AFTER TRANSMISSION BY WIRES.

[Continued.]

sent by radio. These places are sufficiently far apart to demonstrate the efficiency of the method over any distance. In the operation of this television equipment, the scene is viewed by a group of photo-electric "eyes," or cells, which scan the scene point by point as each detail is illuminated by the sweeps of a narrow beam of brilliant light. The cells respond to light and control electric currents which, after amplification, are sent by radio or by telephone lines to the distant observers. At the receiving station, the received currents vary the brightness of a light, causing the light to flash before the eyes of the observers. Of each detail of the original scene, the light and shadow is reproduced for the observer by a synchronised flash of light, and these rapid flashes form a complete picture, taking the same relative positions as the details of the scene which the photo-electric eyes observed. All details of the scene within range of the "eyes" are transmitted and re-created in less than a fifteenth of a second, and are repeated fifteen times a second—thus allowing movement to be seen. The enormous speeds necessary to send every tiny detail of light and shade in less than a fifteenth of a second required the development of original apparatus and the construction of the largest

[Continued below.]



THE GLASS SCREEN (TOP) WHICH MAKES VISIBLE TO AN AUDIENCE A DISTANT FACE OR SCENE TRANSMITTED BY TELEVISION.



THE COMPLETE TELEVISION TRANSMITTER, SHOWING A SPEAKER (LEFT), WHOSE FACE IS BEING RECORDED DURING CONVERSATION, ENABLING HIS FEATURES TO BE RECOGNISED BY A FRIEND FAR AWAY.



"EYES" OF TELEVISION: PHOTO-ELECTRIC CELLS (BEHIND THREE MESHED SCREENS) WHICH RECORD THE SPEAKER'S FACE.

photo-electric cells ever built. Because of the high speeds, there were required not only light-sensitive and light-active apparatus of extreme sensitivity and refinement, and enormous amplification of feeble currents, but also an extraordinarily accurate system of synchronisation, which has been proved to be exact to about one-hundred-thousandth of a second. In one form of the receiving apparatus, the viewer looks through a rectangular aperture about two inches by two-and-a-half,

and sees the distant scene. In another form of the receiver, the scene on a large glass screen may be observed by a large audience. The screen is made up of 2500 light-points, all of which light up relatively to the points of light on the original scene. At an early stage in the development of this wonderful television apparatus, light was projected through a motion-picture film at the transmitting end, and at the receiving end the motion-picture was re-created.

"Stark Savagery": In Dying Africa.

"CARAVANS AND CANNIBALS." By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY.*

THERE are two grim, dramatic, most significant scenes in "Caravans and Cannibals." Each is of old Africa, the dying Africa that is watching with doubting, fearing, glazing eyes as the motor-roads wind through the wastes and roses and rails and golf mark the coming of the whites, the *Wazungu*, with their strange and selfish prohibitions, their peculiar cures, their missions, their "chief-eating" guns and rifles, the aggressions and suppressions of their complex civilisation.

It was night in a village of the Ituri forest. "Out of the black depths a beast called." There was a low throbbing of drums. A crowd was massed about a hut. The travellers drew near; and thus it is chronicled. "We saw a man daubed with white ash, and hung with black and white monkey-skins, beating away at the greatest drum in a frenzy of excitement, face working, sweat running down his breast. That was the medicine man, the witch doctor of the village. Before him, in a little cleared space, were three women, rocking on little stools, hour-glass shaped stools, rocking and singing and stamping their feet in heavy rhythm with the drums, shaking the bells on their wrists and ankles. Long peaked caps like dunce's caps were on their heads, studded with white cowrie shells, and tipped with long black plumes; the plumes waved with their rhythm, and as they rocked and swayed and stamped they hitched their stools measuredly across the clearing and back again, beating and jangling and singing in a mounting climax of passion. . . . There was a man very ill in that hut . . . and as a last desperate resort he had paid, and paid dearly, for the witch doctor and his dancing women to hold this *Ngoma*, this devil dance, to drive out the evil spirit from his tormented body, and these were the rites of exorcism. . . . Louder and louder grew that wild

women with their baskets ringed in the men and shrieked and taunted them for the delay. . . . The roar of voices back of me," writes the author, "was like a sea. Like a sea, too, the surge of blacks forward upon the elephant. . . . Our staunch friend, the cannibal chief, mounted on my elephant with a *kiboko* whip, and as his men ceased to listen to him he lashed down on the insurgents, and they yelled wildly at him as they jumped like goats out of reach of the curling thong.

"About me black hands snatched and knives cut into the flesh; if I turned my eyes for an instant the ivory cutters hacked furiously into the head, flinging the raw chunks over their shoulders. The roar was deafening. . . . It is a terrible sound, that sound of a mob, that hoarse, guttural yelling of sheer rage and menace. . . . It was madness to hold them off longer. . . . We stood aside, and the dark tide, scrambling and fighting and clawing, swept up over that elephant, yelling as they hacked.

"Never have I seen such stark, primitive passion. They went at that dead beast like madmen, their knives flashing, their arms dripping blood. They yelled and sobbed with exertion as they tore at the hide and hacked out the flesh, thrusting dripping morsels into their mouths and flinging the chunks back to their women, who struggled on the storming outskirts. . . . That was cannibalism. Men who were meat mad and blood mad and insane for fat and food. A primitive people, satisfying a primitive lust . . . older than love, and more urgent than hate."

So, where "Fear is born with the first-drawn breath Life is frail and dark is death," much was learnt; much of superstition, much of the eating of the enemy and of the dead friend—a stifled superstition, a furtive eating, for Authority does not approve and the writ of the white runs far afield. Mrs. Bradley understood. She quotes Kipling's "And the wildest dreams of Kew Are the facts of Khartmandhu And the crimes of Clapham chaste

in Martaban." Thus she writes: "There was no occasion to worry about the people, now that their meat hunger was satisfied and their animosity against us appeased. . . . The cannibal is simply an ultra-utilitarian. He is a chap with no inhibition against eating human flesh. He regards your feeling about it very much as some people regard other people's feelings about not eating pork or not eating meat on a Friday, or not touching a dog, or doing any work upon a Sunday. It is just one of your taboos. It may be a very good taboo for you, but it is nothing in his life. . . . If the cannibal is of a war-like tribe and his cannibalism takes the form of eating the captives after a battle, that doesn't necessarily mean that he murders the neighbours when he gets a chance. The thing has its code and its ritual. Part of the game is the soothing idea that he takes unto himself the valour and the virtue of the enemy he consumes, and that he is paying the dead foe a graceful tribute when he elects to eat him. If he is a peaceful cannibal and lives upon such human food as he acquires by thrift and purchase, he certainly does a bit of callous murdering when he despatches his fatted slaves, but he regards that very much as you regard despatching fatted lambs. He is brought up to it, and he is used to it, and society asks it of him." The gruesomeness of it, the horrors of preparation, do not exist for him. It is custom. "Pop-Eye," the chief, confessed. Men as food, he acknowledged willingly; "eating the dead was very secret"; it was taboo to eat women. For the rest, the travellers had a sufficiency of

alarums and many excursions. The alarums came to them when they were hunting elephants, lions, and buffaloes; the excursions preceded the alarums and succeeded them. Many a time trailing meant

nothing but fatigue and the boredom of failure, even when the "boys" had repeated the key-words *kubwa* and *karibu*, "large" and "near"; marches were "painful exercise"; armies of warrior ants had to be leapt, that pincer-jaws might not bite unusual prey; fever had to be fought, rising at *kuku kwanza*, at the first cock-crow, did not always lead to fitting reward; porters, exceedingly difficult to enrol, were easier to lose, and grumbled terribly at lack of rice, the particular "posho" due to them by contract; elephants rumbled in perilous proximity. Mrs. Bradley was constrained to note of a meeting with buffalo "This business of dying bravely facing fearful odds is all very well, but I don't want my odds with horns on them." And sunstroke intervened. "That day disaster came close to us, for Harry had sunstroke on the way. He had probably got it the day before when he was wearing a felt hat instead of a helmet on his way back to Malunga's, for he had forgotten to change, as the morning was grey. A grey day is just as dangerous as a bright day in Africa, for it is the direct actinic

rays of the sun that make the ever-present peril, not the heat. The heat can do its own damage, there as here, but the direct sun can kill. Men have died in two hours of a two-minute exposure. A White Father who crossed the courtyard of a mission without a hat at seven in the morning fell and died in an hour. It doesn't come like the ordinary sunstroke, but with high fever and chills, a sort of spinal meningitis."

On the whole, however, they were as lucky as they were plucky. Space will not allow the telling of even an outline of the story of their adventures and misadventures. Suffice it that it is both engrossing and informative, and that it links the primitive past and the progressive present; from the native King of Toro who had a son at Oxford and a nephew at school in the United States, to the cannibals of the unknown; from Nairobi, Kampala, and Fort Portal to the Lost Villages whose inhabitants were uneasy but entertained when the strangers set up their tents, to the Ituri—"everything that a great equatorial forest ought to be" and complete with pygmies; to the last big-game fields of Africa; to the golden Ruindi plains and the Nameless Mountains, Ruchuru and the Ruchuru Plains, with Campy Kiboko, Camp Hippo; and so to



NATIVE INDUSTRY: MAKING STEEL IN AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

chant. . . . Back and forth, back and forth, those stools hitched in that grotesque crab fashion. . . . It seemed suddenly unreal—the dimness, the drums, the passion of this incantation. . . . Back and forth. Louder and louder. Ah . . . Ah . . . Ah! Louder and louder . . .

"A stir in the hut before them. A light flashed from within, throwing dark figures into relief. Through the low doorway a prostrate figure could be seen crawling with spasmodic efforts to the door.

"The crowd gasped. The drums rose to encouraging fury. The women stamped and sang and crashed their bells in a crescendo of frenzy. If the sick man could manage to reach the doorway of his hut the evil spirit would be expelled. The poor creeping thing within was making a sublime effort of will and faith.

"He collapsed, sprawling. . . . Success was not yet. . . . On and on went that insistent incantation. . . . The entire village was packed in a great ring now, circling round and round like an endless serpent, men, women and children stamping in a passion of fury to drive out the accursed evil from their midst.

"Resin torches shone on the sweating backs. Close packed as sardines, they circled. . . . Round and round, like milling cattle. . . . Stark savagery in its forest, dancing that devil dance of ageless fear. . . .

And, later, among the cannibals.

Elephants had been shot. The natives were craving for meat, but it was sought to hold them back while the tusks were chopped away. As time passed, the temper of the crowd changed. Each of the beasts was hemmed in by a surging, howling mob. "The



A CANNIBAL: A NATIVE FROM THE WEST OF LAKE EDWARD.

Illustrations reproduced from "Caravans and Cannibals," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publishers.



CAPTURED BY MR. BENJAMIN BURBRIDGE AND SENT TO THE BRUSSELS "ZOO": YOUNG KIVU GORILLAS. Photograph by Mr. Burbridge.

* "Caravans and Cannibals." By Mary Hastings Bradley. Illustrated. (D. Appleton and Co.; 21s. net.)

official routes, a *safari de luxe*—and home, to dream of the next drink at Africa's fountains: "We lovers of your wilds are freedom's slaves." E. H. G.

A British Bid for the World's Non-Stop Flight "Record."

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY W. E. JOHNS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



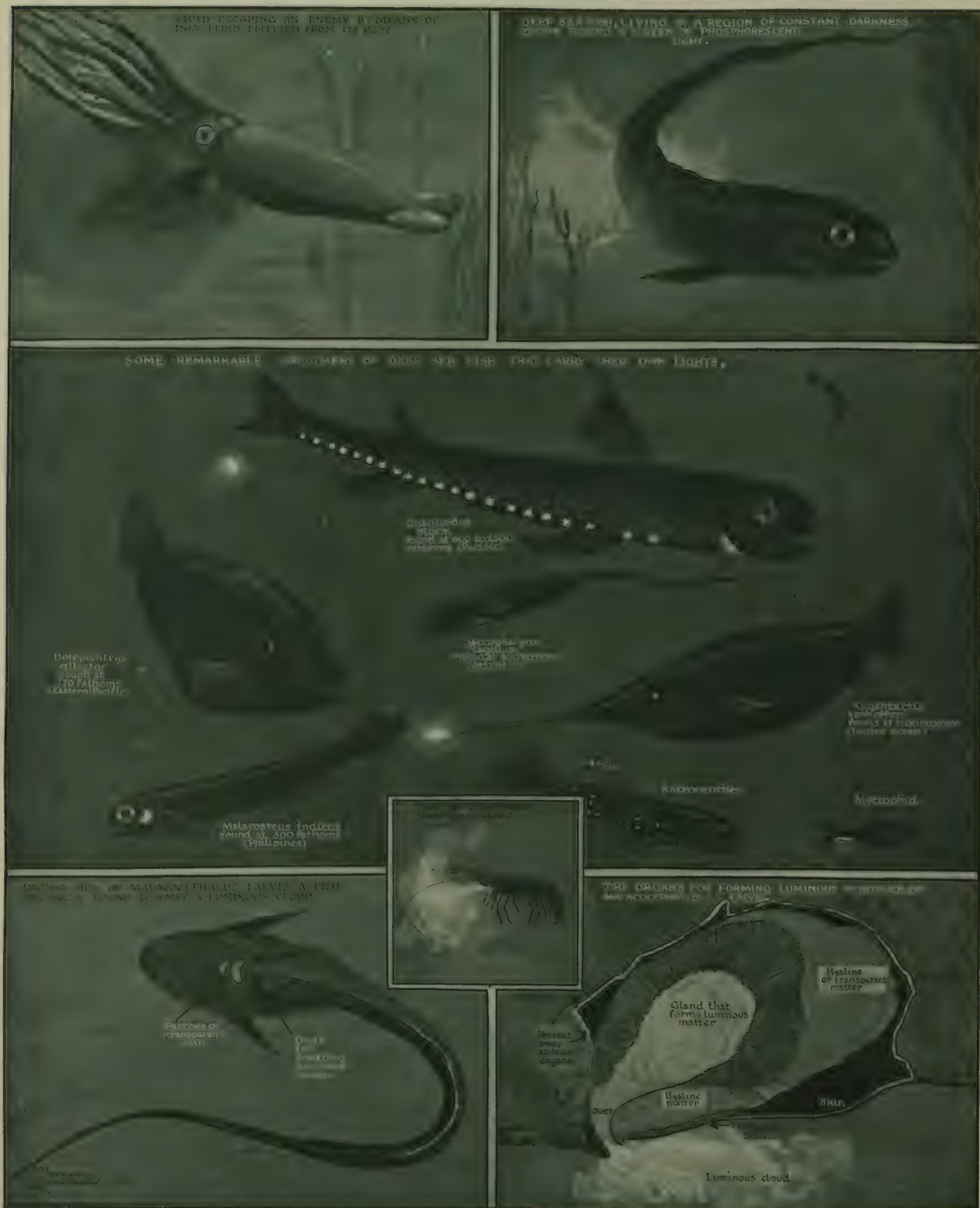
THE MACHINE IN WHICH BRITISH OFFICERS HOPE TO FLY 4000 MILES WITHOUT STOPPING:
A HAWKER-HORSLEY AEROPLANE.

This is the aeroplane in which Flight-Lieutenants C. R. Carr and L. E. M. Gillman, of the Royal Air Force, will this summer, it is said, attempt to break the world's "record" for a non-stop flight. With 1000 gallons of petrol, it is hoped that they will fly 4000 miles before descending, and thus beat the French Air Service flight of 3345 miles—from Paris to Jask, in Persia—accomplished last October by MM. Costes and Rignot. The British machine to be used is known as the Hawker "Horsley," a day-bomber fitted with a 700-h.p. Rolls-Royce engine. It was stated

recently that the airmen would start from Cranwell, Lincolnshire, and make for Karachi, India, and would go on flying, at about 120 m.p.h., as long as possible consistently with safety. It is reported that, if successful, they will next attempt a non-stop flight of 5000 miles from England to Cape Town. At present Britain holds no world air "records," and hitherto the Air Ministry has not attempted any. Thus a change in British air policy is indicated by this enterprise, as well as by the construction of special racing seaplanes for the Schneider Cup.

Living "LampPosts" of the Dark Ocean Abysses: Luminous Fish.

DRAWN BY G. H. DAVIS



DEEP-SEA FISH THAT EMIT LIGHT TO LURE PREY, OR TO BLIND ENEMIES, AS THE SQUID WITH HIS "INK."

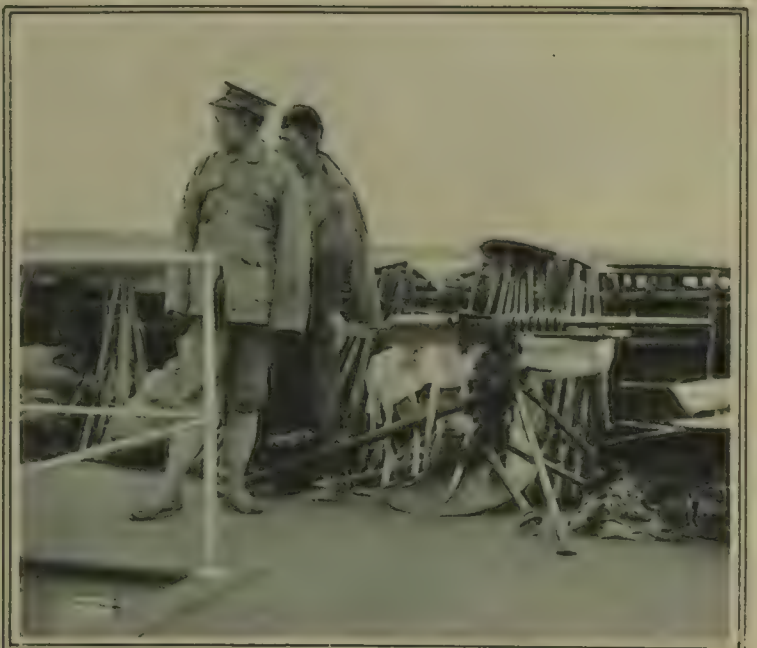
Mr. W. P. Pyecraft touched on luminous fish in his "World of Science" article in our last number. In a previous issue, describing life in the dark ocean abysses, he said: "A large number of the creatures which live there have developed the power of emitting light." Parts of these nether regions may be as brightly illuminated as a London street at night. . . . Some use this magic power to lure to their doom such as are irresistibly impelled towards light as a moth to a candle. Others use their light as the cuttle-fish and the octopus (in the upper waters) use their ink—to blind their enemies and escape destruction. In some fishes light is emitted from lens-like organs which may run the whole length of the body, and can, apparently, be switched on and off at will. In others, as in the remarkable deep-sea anglers, it is restricted to the end of a specially

modified fin-ray, where it is used as a lure. But there are other species wherein phosphorescent matter is formed within a gland and poured out into the water. Some of the *Macruridae*—known to American fishermen as 'Rat-tails' or 'Grenadiers'—are of this type. These fish are near relatives of the haddock or cod, but they differ in having the tail produced into a long filament. . . . *Malaccephalus laevis* is taken in considerable numbers by deep-sea hake-trawlers off south-west Ireland. It possesses the power of emitting luminous matter from a circular aperture in the abdomen. . . . The luminous matter is mucous-like and viscid. It adheres to the hand and glows perceptibly in lamp-light." A new exhibit of oceanic angler-fishes with luminous lures is now on view in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CHAOTIC CHINA: BRITISH INTERVENTION; PROPAGANDA; THE PEKING "RAID."



WHEN BRITISH GUNS WERE TRAINED ON A STEAMER COMMANDEERED BY THE NATIONALIST TROOPS: H.M.S. "WILD SWAN" CHALLENGING THE "KIANG WO."



THE AFFAIR BETWEEN THE "WILD SWAN" AND THE "KIANG WO": CHINESE MACHINE-GUNS AND OTHER WEAPONS CAPTURED ABOARD THE STEAMER



AFTER THE 2500 NATIONALIST TROOPS HAD BEEN TURNED OFF THE "KIANG WO": A CHINESE GENERAL, HELD AS A HOSTAGE, TAKES A MEAL.



REMOVING THE NATIONALIST TROOPS FROM THE "KIANG WO": LAUNCHES (MANNED BY "TIN-HATTED" BRITISH SAILORS) LOADED WITH PRISONERS.



PROPAGANDA BY FORCE: A MAN BEARING A FLAG COMPELLING A RICKSHAW PASSENGER IN HANKOW TO BUY A HANDBILL.



WOMEN IN THE FOREGROUND IN SHANGHAI: FEMININE LEADERS IN THE LOCAL "NATIVE VOLUNTEERS."



AN ALLEGED BOLSHEVIST AGITATOR ARRESTED IN PEKING: AFTER THE RAID ON THE SOVIET PREMISES.

After the United States Consul at Hankow had ordered all the American citizens to leave, in view of the pronounced anti-American feeling, refugees who were on the way down the river passed the Chinese Navigation Company's steamer, "Kiang Wo," which the Nationalists had commandeered. Knowledge of this fact was conveyed to the British destroyer at Kiukiang, and she at once went to the rescue, turned the 2500 Nationalist troops off the "Kiang Wo" and took two Generals as hostages.—Active propaganda is being carried on in Hankow by all parties of the Kuomintang. Every available wall-space has its posters, and

propaganda squads have deluged the city with hand-bills. The newest form of propaganda is shown in one of our photographs. The man with the flag stops rickshaws and compels their occupants to buy leaflets.—On April 6 Peking military and police raided Russian premises adjoining the Soviet Embassy in the Legation Quarter, and arrested seventy-five Chinese and twenty-two Russians. As a result of this action, M. Litvinov, Acting Commissar for Foreign Affairs, handed to Mr. Cheng Yen-chi, the Chinese Chargé d'Affaires in Moscow, a Note declaring that the raid was an unheard-of violation of the elementary rules of International Law.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



WINNERS OF THE CUP FINAL: CARDIFF.

Standing (left to right): T. Watson, W. Hardy, H. Ferguson, T. Farquharson, J. Nelson, E. Curtis. (Sitting): S. Irving, T. Sloan, F. Keenor (Captain), L. Davies, G. McLachlan.



LOSERS OF THE CUP FINAL: THE ARSENAL.

Standing (left to right): Cope (did not play), A. Baker, T. Parker, D. Lewis, J. Butler, R. F. John, A. Kennedy, Seddon (did not play). (Sitting): Whitaker (did not play), J. Hulme, C. Buchan (Captain), J. Brain, W. Blyth, S. Hoar, Chapman (Manager).



SIR JOHN W. CAWSTON.
(Died, April 21; aged 66.) Deputy Master and Comptroller of the Royal Mint, 1917-21. A former Assistant Comptroller and Auditor of the Exchequer.



MR. THOMAS N. BURBERRY.
(Died, April 23; aged 62.) The well-known business man who was head of the firm of Burberrys, Ltd., the Haymarket.



SGR. CHIARAMONTE-BORDONARO.
The new Italian Ambassador to this country. Formerly Secretary-General of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs.



MRS. W. SCOTT.
Winner of the All-Comers' Handicap Motor Race at Brooklands. With a start of 1 min. 11 sec. in 11 miles race, won by nearly 2 miles.



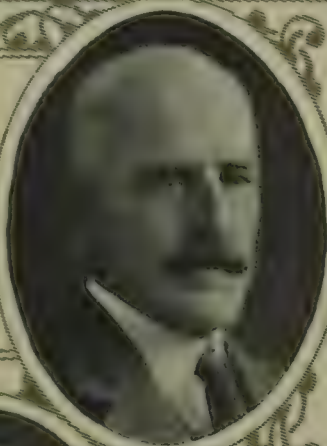
MR. H. RUSHBURY.
New A.R.A. Engraver. Made drawings and paintings, "London in War-Time," for the Imperial War Museum. Works in National collections.



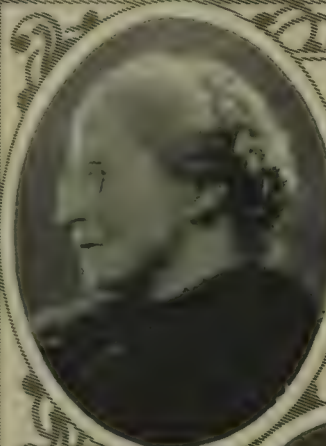
R. E. GUY DAWBER.
New A.R.A. Architect. Elected President of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1925. A Past President of the Architectural Association.

SIR CHARLES A. INNES.

Appointed Governor of the Province of Burma in succession to Sir Spencer Harcourt Butler. Recently retired from the Commerce Membership of Government of India.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA MADE A BLOOD CHIEF BY INDIAN TRIBES OF VANCOUVER ISLAND: LORD WILLINGDON AS "CHIEF RAINBOW."



MRS. ARTHUR JOHNSON.
(Died, April 24; aged 81.) Did pioneer work in connection with women's education at Oxford, which resulted in the Oxford women's colleges.



THE FIFTH BARON BROWNLOW.
(Died, April 19; aged 59.) Succeeded third Earl in the Barony in 1921. Served in European War. On Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, 1918-20.

THE RT. HON. EUGENE WASON.

(Died, April 18; aged 81.) For many years a Radical Member of Parliament. Chairman of Departmental Committee on Food Production, 1915.



Sir John Westerman Cawston entered the War Office in 1883. Transferred to the Treasury, he was, in turn, Private Secretary to the Parliamentary Secretary and Principal Clerk.—Mrs. Scott's average speed was 92.92 miles an hour, with a best lap-speed of nearly 98 miles an hour, and a maximum speed of over 100 miles an hour.—Sir Charles Alexander Innes will succeed Sir Spencer Harcourt Butler in about seven months' time. He retired recently from the Commerce Membership of the Government of India. He completed the fifth year of his Membership of the Governor-General's Council last September, but his period

was extended until March.—Amongst other posts held by the late Lord Brownlow were those of Mayor of Grantham and Organising Secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.—As noted in our issue of April 23, Viscount Willingdon has been made a Blood Chief by Indian tribes of Vancouver Island. His Excellency, who is the thirteenth Governor-General of Canada, was given the name "Chief Rainbow." The title was explained as signifying that, as the rainbow covered the Ark and brought a message of assurance and Divine care, so Lord Willingdon covers those under him with protection.

THEATRICAL MATTERS: ULTRA-MODERN; CLASSICAL; EARLY VICTORIAN.



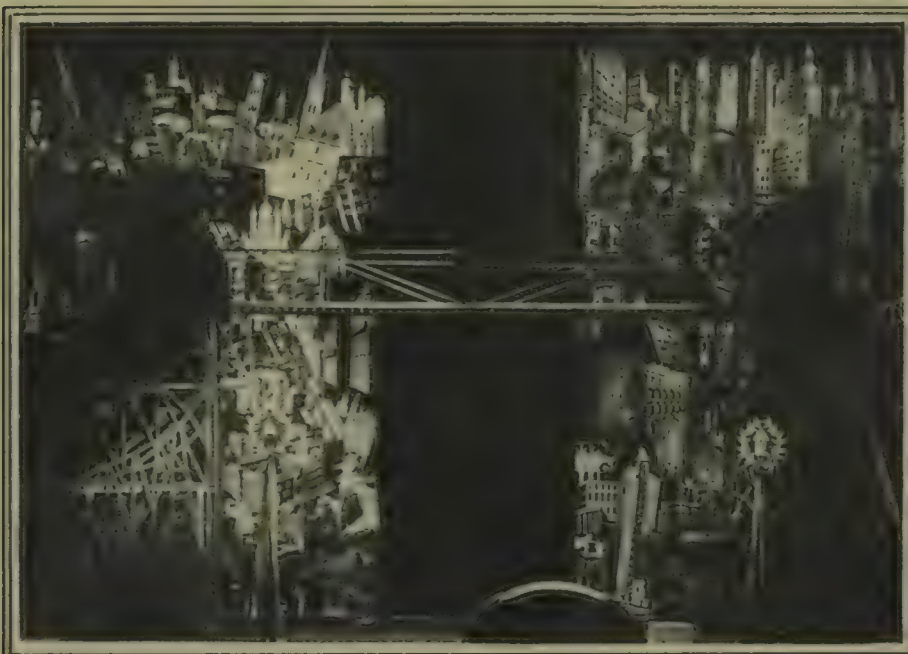
THE "PROMETHEUS BOUND" OF ÆSCHYLUS TO BE GIVEN AT DELPHI: OCEANUS.



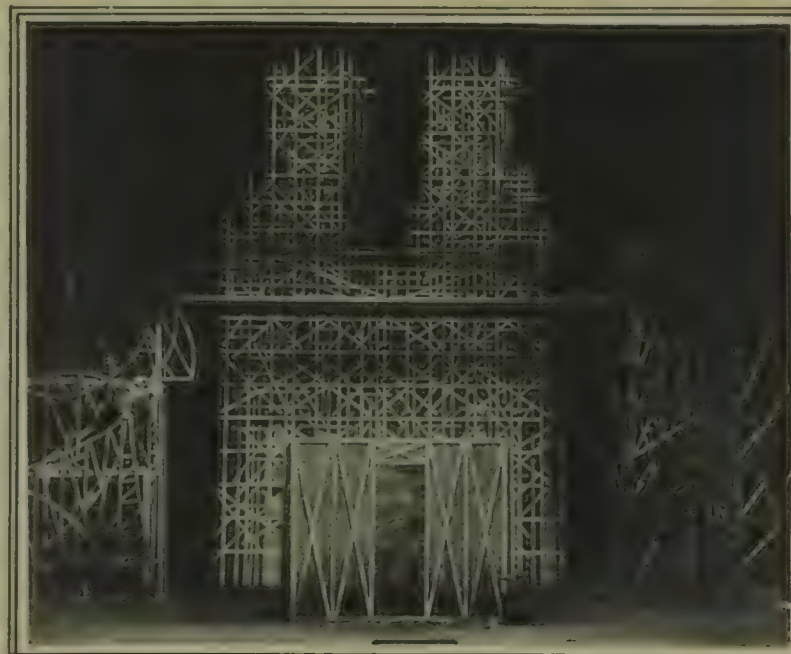
"PROMETHEUS BOUND": GREEK SOCIETY GIRLS OF THE CHORUS OF OCEAN NYMPHS.



"PROMETHEUS BOUND": IO—THE ACTOR MASKED AS WERE THE ANCIENT PLAYERS.



"ADAM, THE CREATOR," THE NEW PLAY BY THE BROTHERS CAPEK, OF "INSECT PLAY" AND "R.U.R." FAME: THE SCENE CALLED "ADAM'S TOWN."



THE LAST ACT OF THE CAPEK PLAY SHOWING HOW ADAM RE-CREATED THE WORLD: THE CHURCH BUILT TO THE MEMORY OF THE CREATOR.



"MARIGOLD," AT THE KINGSWAY: MARIGOLD (ANGELA BADDELEY) ACCEPTS THE ENGAGEMENT RING OF THE POMPOUS LAIRD (HUBERT HARBEN).



"MARIGOLD": MARIGOLD HAVING FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ARCHIE FORSYTH, THE LAIRD OF KETTINFOT DEMANDS THE RETURN OF HIS RING, IN THE PRESENCE OF MRS. PRINGLE (JEAN CADELL).



"MARIGOLD": MARIGOLD AND ARCHIE (DEERING WELLS) FIND THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE RUN SMOOTH.

At the beginning of May, the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus will be given in modern Greek in the old theatre at Delphi. The actors, following the ancient method, will wear masks. These have been made by an American artist, Miss Ellen Sardau. The Chorus of Ocean Nymphs will be played by Athenian society girls.—"Adam, the Creator" is by the Brothers Karel and Josef Capek, whose "Insect Play" caused considerable interest in this country; while Karel, in

particular, will be remembered for his "Robot" drama, "R.U.R." In the new work it is shown how Adam, having destroyed the world, creates it again, only to have to acknowledge in the end that it would have been better had he left things as they were.—"Marigold" is a comedy set in Edinburgh in 1842, when the young Queen Victoria was visiting the city. It tells the story of the love affair of Marigold and the dashing young officer Archie Forsyth.

AN INDOOR "SWITZERLAND" FOR SKI-ERS: BERLIN'S NEW SUMMER SNOW PALACE PLANNED BY AN ENGLISH INVENTOR.



CONSTRUCTED WITH HUNDREDS OF TONS OF ARTIFICIAL SNOW:
IN THE EXHIBITION HALL AT CHARLOTTENBURG—

Germany, it is said, intends to make a bid for the skiing championship in connection with the Olympic Games next year, and her ski-runners are now provided with facilities for practising throughout the present summer. An elaborate indoor skiing ground has been constructed, with artificial snow, in the great exhibition hall at Charlottenburg, which is Berlin's equivalent to London's Olympia. Some two hundred tons of artificial snow were recently bought from an English inventor, Mr. L. C. Ayscough, who is described as a British diplomatist and a cousin of the Earl of Perth. Mr. Ayscough went to Berlin at the invitation of the city authorities to superintend the construction of the "snowscape." As seen in our large photograph, it includes not only a variety of snow slopes and tracks, but a raised hill with a taking-off platform for



SKI-SLOPES, WITH SKI-JUMPING HILL (LEFT) AND TOBOGGAN RUN (RIGHT)
(BELOW) WATCHING TWO SKI-ERS AT PRACTICE.

ski-jumping. The slopes and hills were constructed on a framework of timber covered with wool, rags, and (finally) snow, which is prepared from chemical solutions and mixed with saw-dust. By means of skilful modelling, and pine-trees planted here and there, a picturesque Alpine touch has been given to the scene. The Berlin Corporation, it is reported, has obtained the option of exploiting the invention throughout Germany, and similar skiing tracks of artificial snow are to be laid out in various other cities, including Dresden, Munich, and Frankfurt-on-Main. On page 777 in this number are two photographs illustrating the laying of the snow in Berlin, under Mr. Ayscough's supervision. This new form of indoor winter sport in Berlin makes an interesting counterpart to London's new artificial ice-rink.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: INTERESTING VIEWS OF

NOTABLE EVENTS AND OCCASIONS NEAR AND FAR.



THE NEW COUNTRY HOME OF THE PRINCE OF WALES: SUMMERFOLD, IN THE SURREY HILLS, RENTED FROM THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.



THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR'S FAVOURITE HORSE IN ITS COUSIN'S HARNESS: THE ANIMAL SADDLED FOR HIM ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE VICEROY.



A WHITE MONKEY PRESENTED TO THE KING OF SIAM WHEN HE LATELY VISITED HIS NORTHERN DOMINIONS: A VERY RARE ANIMAL.



THE LARGEST ROMAN PAVEMENT IN ENGLAND TO GO TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM: THE HORKSTOW HALL MOSAIC.



VRGIL COMMEMORATED IN HIS BIRTHPLACE: A SCENE AT THE UNVEILING OF THE NEW MONUMENT AT MANTUA ATTENDED BY REPRESENTATIVES OF MANY EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES, INCLUDING OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.



NEW YORK'S LATEST "SKY-SCRAPER" BECOMES "A GIGANTIC TORCH": SCAFFOLDING ON FIRE AT THE TOP OF THE UNFINISHED HOTEL NETHERLAND.



ROYAL COUSINS—HOSTESS AND GUESTS—AMONG THE ART TREASURES OF THE PRADO GALLERY IN MADRID: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCE GEORGE, THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN FRONT WITH THE QUEEN OF SPAIN, AND PRINCE GEORGE FOLLOWING, WITH KING ALFONSO) ARRIVE IN MADRID: THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE STATION, CHERISHED BY THE COUNTY OF KENT BOY SCOUTS.

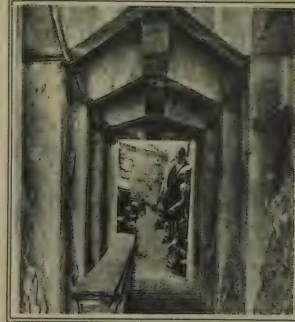
The Prince of Wales has taken for June, July, and August the Duke of Sutherland's Surrey house, Summerfold, at Ewhurst. It stands 800 ft. above sea-level, and commands a magnificent view of the South Downs and the Sussex weald.—The Maharajah of Kashmir, Sir Hari Singh, whose favourite horse is shown above, welcomed Lord Irwin, Viceroy of India, to Jammu, his winter capital, on March 28.—The Duke of York arrived at Christchurch, New Zealand, on March 12 and stayed several days. The Duchess was not with him, as she had returned to Wellington to rest, owing to her indisposition.—The Marchese de Pinedo, who flew across the Atlantic to Brazil last February, proceeded on an air tour of the United States. On April 6 his flying boat was destroyed by fire on Roosevelt Lake, Arizona. Two boys in a boat had been scuffling over a cigarette, and one dropped a lighted match on to the petrol-covered water.—The fine Roman mosaic pavement at Horkstow Hall, near Barton-on-Humber, is to be removed to the British Museum. It is



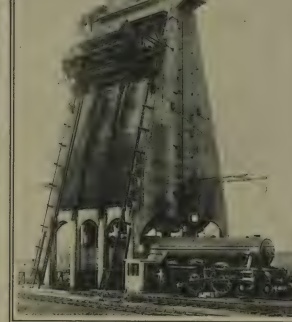
THE DUKE OF YORK (SECOND FROM RIGHT, FRONT ROW) AT CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND: WATCHING AN OLD STOCKMAN, ONE OF THE PIONEERS, GIVE A DISPLAY OF WHIP-CRACKING.



THE MARCHESE DE PINEDO'S FLYING-BOAT BURNING ON ROOSEVELT LAKE, ARIZONA: AN ACCIDENT DUE TO A BOY DROPPING A LIGHTED MATCH ON PETROL-COVERED WATER.



GERMAN CONCRETE "DUG-OUTS" AT VINNY RIDGE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC: THE ENTRANCE TO UNDERGROUND GALLERIES AT THE POSITION THE CANADIANS STORMED.



A REMARKABLE NEW SYSTEM OF COALING LOCOMOTIVES AT DONCASTER: A TRUCK OF COAL HOISTED AND THE CONTENTS TIPPED DOWN A CHUTE INTO THE TENDER BELOW.



AT SEVILLE FAIR, SPECIALLY PROLONGED FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE TO VISIT IT: A YOUNG SPANISH GIRL ENJOYING A DONKEY RIDE.



INAUGURATING BERLIN'S INDOOR "ALPS": (L. TO R.) MISS AYSOUGH LAYING THE FIRST SHOVEFUL OF ARTIFICIAL SNOW, M. MIGGE MAYER (THE SWISS SKI EXPERT), HERR NEUKIRK (NEXT BUT ONE), MR. AYSOUGH (THE INVENTOR), AND MRS. AYSOUGH.

13 yards long by 8 yards wide.—The marble monument to Virgil, unveiled at Mantua on April 21, was designed by Senator Luca Beltrami. The bronze statue is by the late Emilio Quadrelli. Oxford was represented at the unveiling by Professor Bernard Ashmole, and Cambridge by Professor T. R. Glover.—The Hotel Netherland, on Fifth Avenue, New York, blazed like a gigantic torch during the night of April 12. Scaffolding near the top of the fifteen-storey tower, which begins at the twenty-third storey, had caught fire. Burning timbers kept falling.—The Prince of Wales and Prince George arrived in Madrid on April 22 on a visit to the King and Queen of Spain, who met them at the station. The next day the Royal party left for Seville, where the famous Fair was prolonged for several days to enable the Princes to visit it.—The new indoor ski-ing ground at Berlin, composed of artificial snow, of a type invented by Mr. L. C. Ayscough, is illustrated on a double-page in this number.



PUTTING DOWN ARTIFICIAL SNOW IN THE NEW "SUMMER PALACE" OF WINTER SPORT IN THE EXHIBITION HALL AT CHARLOTTENBURG, BERLIN: WORKMEN PREPARING SNOW AND MIXING IT WITH SAWDUST. (SEE DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION IN THIS NUMBER.)

BREEDING FUR-BEARING A THRIVING

ANIMALS IN AUSTRIA: INDUSTRY.



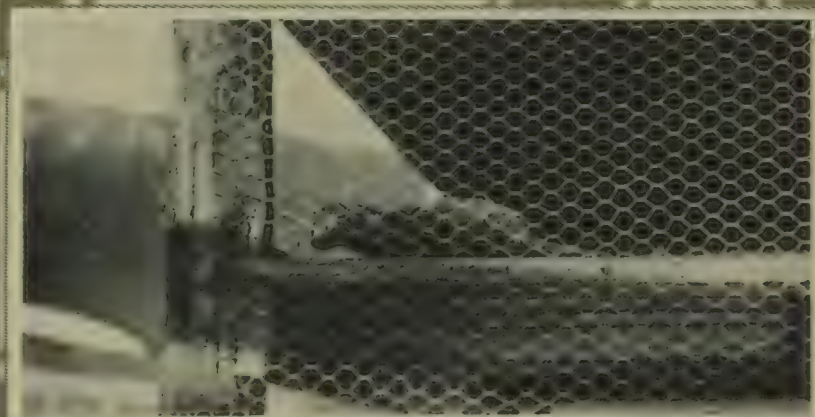
A MARTEN ON THE SILVER-FOX FARM AT HIRSCHGEG-RIEZLERN: AN ANIMAL EASY TO BREED, BEING A NATIVE OF EUROPE.



FEEDING TIME ON A FOX FARM IN THE AUSTRIAN PROVINCE OF VORARLBERG: AN ANIMAL ON GOOD TERMS WITH HIS KEEPER.



A TYPICAL SILVER-FOX BRED IN AUSTRIA: A VIEW OF WIRED ENCLOSURES ON THE FARM AT HIRSCHGEG-RIEZLERN.



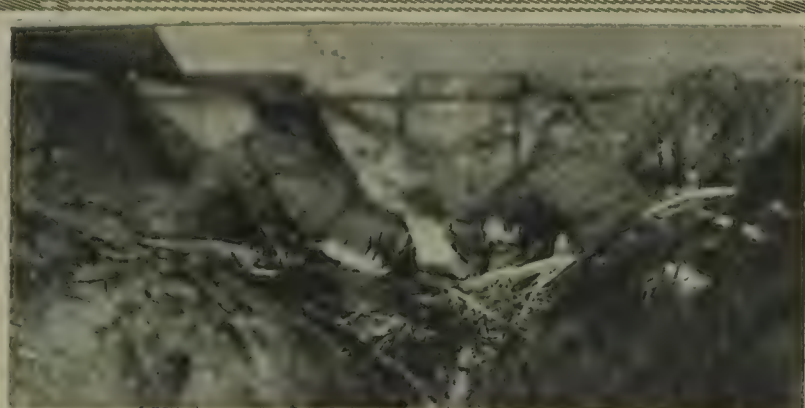
MINK-BREEDING IN AUSTRIA: ONE OF THE ANIMALS (OF A SPECIES ALLIED TO THE POLECAT AND WEASEL) IN ITS CAGE AT THE HIRSCHGEG-RIEZLERN FARM.



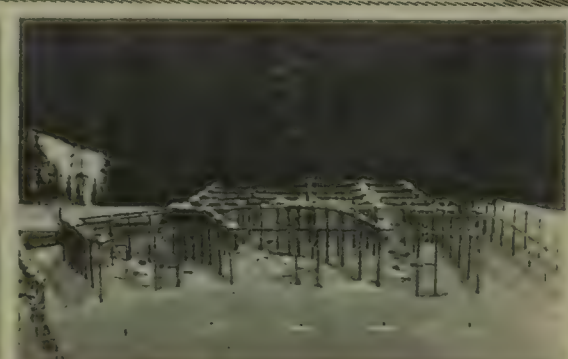
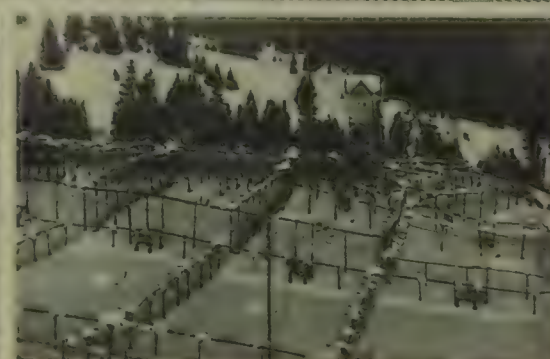
A MOTHER SILVER-FOX AND HER YOUNG ON THE FARM AT HIRSCHGEG-RIEZLERN: "ASTARTE" WITH HER FAMILY OF THRIVING "CHILDREN" IN THE WIRED ENCLOSURE.



THE CAGE OF THE MARTENS AT THE SAME AUSTRIAN FARM: ANIMALS THAT OFFER GOOD PROSPECTS TO BREEDERS, AS, BEING NATIVES OF EUROPE, THEY NEED NOT BE ACCLIMATISED.



APPARENTLY QUITE CONTENTED WITH THEIR LIFE IN CAPTIVITY: ANOTHER VIEW OF A GROUP OF MARTENS BRED ON THE FARM AT HIRSCHGEG-RIEZLERN, IN AUSTRIA.



AN INDUSTRY THAT HAS FOUND ITS WAY FROM NORTH AMERICA TO EUROPE: PART OF THE AUSTRIAN SILVER-FOX FARM AT HIRSCHGEG-RIEZLERN, IN THE PROVINCE OF VORARLBERG — A MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT PARTICULARLY SUITABLE AS BEING SNOW-COVERED FOR SEVERAL MONTHS IN WINTER.

Lord Onslow, President of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, said recently that the number of fur-bearing animals killed annually had so increased that, without some control, the trade would come to an end. One remedy is farming. "In 1890," writes Mr. Francis C. Fuerst, "two shrewd trappers, Mr. Oulton and Mr. Dalton, of Prince Edward Island, had the happy thought to breed silver-foxes in captivity, thereby laying the foundation-stone of the American silver-fox industry. Large farms were established in Canada and the north of the United States, all recording gigantic profits. Before the war there were a thousand fox-farms in Canada alone. Eventually people began to

consider whether the breeding of such animals would be possible in Europe. . . . In 1920 the 'Deutsche Versuchszüchterei edler Pelztier, Leipzig' (German Experimental Breeding Station of Fur-Animals in Leipzig), established the first Central-European silver-fox farm at Hirschegg-Riezlern, in the province of Vorarlberg (Austria), after several farms had been previously established in Norway and Sweden. The results of the Austrian farm were very favourable, and the quality of the furs was not affected. In Austria there are now six farms, mostly in Styria and the Tyrol. They chiefly deal with silver-foxes; but native animals, such as martens, pine-martens, polecats, chinchilla-rabbits, and fur-cats, are also bred."



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Austin, 7 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Austin, 12 h.p.	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Austin (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Bean	A	A	A	A	A	A
Citroen, 7.5 h.p.	—	—	A	Arc	A	Arc
Citroen, 12/24 h.p.	A	A	—	—	—	—
Citroen (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Clyno	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Crossley, "Six" and 14 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Crossley (other)	—	—	BB	A	BB	A
Daimler (all models)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Darracq, 12/32 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Darracq (other)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hillman	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Humber, 8 and 9/20 h.p.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda, 12/24 h.p.	A	A	A	A	—	—
Lagonda (other)	BB	A	BB	A	—	—
Lanchester	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Lambdal)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Cowley	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peugeot (Sl. Valve Mds. and 11 and 12 h.p.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Riley, 11 and 12 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p.	—	—	—	—	BB	BB
Rover (other)	A	A	A	A	A	A
Singer	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p.	A	—	BB	A	BB	A
Standard (other)	—	A	A	A	A	A
Sunbeam, 4 and 6 cyl.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 18.55 and 20/60 h.p.	BB	A	A	A	BB	A
Talbot (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Trojan	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall, 14/40 h.p.	A	A	A	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 23/60 and 25/70 h.p.	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (other)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Wolseley	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

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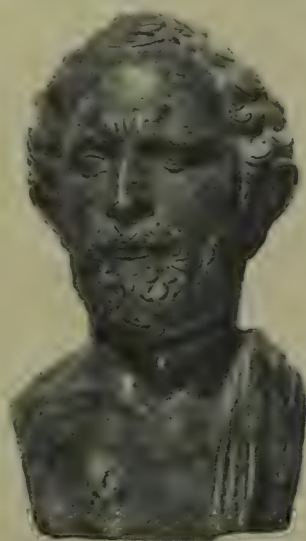
HERCULANEUM TO YIELD ITS SECRETS: A RICHER SITE THAN POMPEII.



THE EXISTING EXCAVATIONS AT HERCULANEUM, ABANDONED SINCE 1875 AND NOW TO BE RESUMED: PART OF THE RUINS AT PRESENT VISIBLE, SHOWING (IN BACKGROUND) HOUSES OF THE MODERN TOWN OF RESINA.



WHERE THE FINEST FRESCOS FROM HERCULANEUM WERE DISCOVERED: THE PILLARED COLONNADE OF THE HOUSE OF ARGUS, BROUGHT TO LIGHT BETWEEN 1869 AND 1875, DURING EXCAVATIONS ASSISTED BY KING VICTOR EMMANUEL II.



ONE OF 128 BRONZE BUSTS AND STATUES FOUND AT HERCULANEUM: A FINE EXAMPLE NOW IN THE NAPLES MUSEUM.



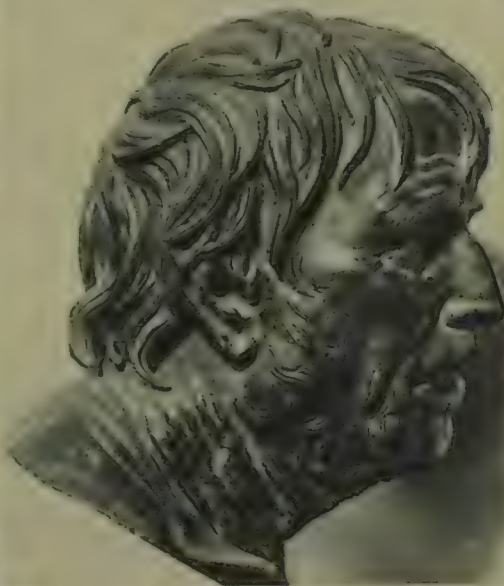
JUST LIKE A MODERN WOMAN PONDERING A LETTER: A BEAUTIFUL FRESCO OF A ROMAN LADY WITH TABLETS AND STYLUS, FOUND AT HERCULANEUM.



ONE OF THE MANY ART TREASURES ALREADY FOUND AT HERCULANEUM: ANOTHER FINE EXAMPLE OF THE BRONZE BUSTS.



A YOUNG BRIDE AT HER TOILET, WITH HER MOTHER AND SISTER LOOKING ON: A CHARMING FAMILY SCENE AMONG THE HERCULANEUM FRESCOS.



BELIEVED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF SENECA, OR OF LUCIUS CALPURNIUS PISO: A BUST FROM THE VILLA OF THE PAPYRI, OWNED BY PISO.



THE MYTH OF TELEPHUS SUCKLED BY THE HIND: A FRESCO FROM HERCULANEUM, SHOWING HERCULES AND ARCADIA.

Enormous interest was aroused by news that the excavation of Herculaneum, which has been in abeyance for more than fifty years, is to be resumed under the auspices of the Italian Government. Signor Mussolini announced recently the work will be begun in May, in the presence of the King of Italy, and, after recalling the history of the previous work on the site, said there were great hopes that Herculaneum would provide a rich harvest of archaeological treasures. The works of art already found, and housed in the Museum at Naples, are held to surpass even those discovered at Pompeii. We illustrate part of the site as it now appears, with some of the fine busts and frescoes, from photographs by Alinari

Brothers and Mr. Anderson, supplied by Professor Halbherr. Herculaneum, which stood on the shore of the Bay of Naples, was overwhelmed in the same eruption of Vesuvius as Pompeii, on August 24, A.D. 79. It was nearer to the volcano, and the disaster occurred so suddenly that the inhabitants had to flee at a moment's notice. The town was overwhelmed by a kind of mud which solidified into tufa, and it lies to-day 40 to 100 ft. below the surface. Excavation there is consequently difficult. "The treasures of the city," it has been said, "must remain practically intact, preserved as in a casket of Vesuvian rock." It is quite possible that they may include unknown manuscripts of ancient literature.

THE FIRST WELSH VICTORY IN THE ENGLISH CUP: A DRAMATIC FINAL.



THE GREATEST FOOTBALL MATCH OF THE YEAR AS SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE STADIUM AT WEMBLEY, PACKED WITH A MIGHTY CONCOURSE OF 90,000 SPECTATORS, DURING THE FINAL FOR THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION CUP, BETWEEN CARDIFF CITY AND WOOLWICH ARSENAL, PLAYED BEFORE THE KING.



THE KING JOINS IN COMMUNITY SINGING BY THE ASSEMBLED SPECTATORS: HIS MAJESTY (CENTRE) WITH LORD DERBY (NEXT TO RIGHT), AND MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL (STANDING TOGETHER BEHIND THE KING).



THE ONE AND ONLY GOAL, KICKED BY FERGUSON (LEFT), THAT GAVE CARDIFF THE VICTORY: LEWIS, THE ARSENAL GOAL-KEEPER (KNEELING) UNLUCKILY KNOCKS THE BALL THROUGH THE POSTS IN TRYING TO SAVE.

The Cup Final, played in the Stadium at Wembley, before the King, on April 23, between Cardiff City and Woolwich Arsenal, was won by Cardiff by one goal to *nil*—the first Welsh victory in the history of the contest. The game was very even, and at half time neither side had scored. The deciding incident, which occurred within twenty minutes of the end, was a tragedy for Lewis, the Arsenal goal-keeper. Up to then he had made several splendid saves, but after stopping, on his knees, a hard shot from Ferguson, he turned round to throw the ball to the side, with two other Cardiff forwards (Davies and Irving) close upon him,

whereupon, as he put it, the ball "twisted on his chest," and in grabbing at it he knocked it over his own goal-line. It was desperately hard luck, for he had fielded the ball brilliantly. Before the match the King shook hands with all the players, and later his Majesty joined in the Community singing by the assembled multitude of 90,000 people, conducted by Mr. T. P. Ratcliff. They sang the Welsh national song, "Land of My Fathers," the hymn "Abide With Me," and some war songs, including "Tipperary." Among those present were the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Churchill, and the Earl of Derby.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT CARDIFF: OPENING A "MASTERPIECE."



THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES (WHOSE FOUNDATION-STONE THE KING LAID IN 1912) DURING THE OPENING CEREMONY: ONE OF "THE FINEST GROUP OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN THIS COUNTRY."

CARDIFF'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE KING AND QUEEN: THEIR MAJESTIES DRIVING THROUGH THE CITY.

THE KING REPLYING TO LORD KENYON'S ADDRESS: THEIR MAJESTIES ON THE DAIS IN THE NEW MUSEUM.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES IN CARDIFF: THEIR MAJESTIES DRIVING IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE THROUGH CATHAYS PARK, WHERE THE BUILDING IS SITUATED, AMID ENTHUSIASTIC CROWDS GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF SOUTH WALES.

In opening the new National Museum of Wales at Cardiff on April 21, the King said, in reply to an address read by Lord Kenyon, President of the Court of Governors: "I recall with pleasure that nearly fifteen years ago I laid the foundation-stone of the Museum. . . . The founders of this institution aspired to a high ideal—to teach the world about Wales and the Welsh people about their own Fatherland." On the dais, in the entrance hall of the Museum, where this part of the ceremony took place, was a small carpet that had been used at the Investiture of the Prince of Wales in Carnarvon Castle. In replying to a previous address from the Lord Mayor, on arrival at the station, the King spoke of the new Museum as "this latest addition to the great group of public

buildings which are the glory of Cardiff." Their Majesties then drove in procession through the city to Cathays Park, where the buildings stand, and on arrival at the Museum the King knocked for admittance on the main door with a mallet handed to him by the chief architect, Mr. A. Dunbar Smith. Then followed the ceremony already described. After the King had declared the Museum open, it was blessed by the Archbishop of Wales and by the Archdruid, and their Majesties made a tour of inspection. The new Museum, designed by Messrs. Smith and Brewer, was described recently by an architect (writing in the "Times") as "a masterpiece" and "the most completely satisfying" among "the finest group of public buildings in this country."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Lady of the League.

After a short holiday in London, during which she spoke at some meetings on the Report on the international traffic in women and children, and broadcast a talk on the work of the League of Nations, Dame Rachel Crowdy has returned to Geneva for the next meeting of her Commission. She had a warm welcome from social workers in London, who realise that the Report will be of the greatest assistance in dealing with a terrible evil; that it is one of the most valuable things the League has yet done; and that it is largely due to the direction of Dame Rachel, who possesses in unusual degree the qualities of that and moral courage. It was extremely interesting to hear, and still more interesting to watch, her discussion of the Report at a meeting of men and women who were well informed on the subject, some of whom asked difficult questions. Dame Rachel managed to satisfy them, but also to make them see that, in a matter affecting many nations with varying ideas on moral questions, due consideration must be shown to the susceptibilities of each, and that the great thing was to secure the fullest possible co-operation. Dame Rachel had a great success in America when she toured there some months ago, speaking on the League of Nations. Her work as Principal Commandant of the V.A.D.s in France and Belgium during the war brought her various decorations. It was left to a famous American University to make her an Honorary Doctor of Laws.



BACK IN GENEVA: DAME RACHEL CROWDY.

In Daffodil Time.

Lord and Lady Denbigh are visiting New York, where they spent Easter with Sir Esmé and Lady Isabella Howard, the British Ambassador and his wife. Lady Denbigh, whose marriage to Lord Denbigh took place about five years ago, belongs to a well-known New York family. She is the daughter of Mr. Thomas Emmet, a grandson of the famous Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the founders of the "United Irishmen," who, because of the political troubles, sailed away from Ireland to a land of greater freedom. His statue stands at the foot of Broadway.

On Easter Monday Lord and Lady Denbigh, on the other side of the Atlantic, would be able to picture the scenes at their beautiful home, Newnham Paddox, near Lutterworth, where the daffodils were in a blaze of golden splendour. Every year when the flowers are at their best the grounds are thrown open to the public. Refreshments are provided, and the profits devoted to various charities. Six thousand people visited the park during the week-end before Easter, and great crowds were there again on Easter Monday. Lord and Lady Denbigh are usually there to act as host and hostess, but in their absence the duties were

undertaken by Viscount and Viscountess Feilding, Lord Denbigh's son and daughter-in-law.

A Scientist Duchess.

The Duchess of Bedford, who is paying a visit to Spain and Morocco, flew there *via* France in the Moth aeroplane which she uses so often for flights between Woburn Abbey and London. The Duchess was a student at Cheltenham College in its early days, and perhaps it was there that her interest in science developed. She takes an intense interest in natural history, especially in ornithology, and in radiology, and she is an X-ray specialist. It will be remembered that a short time ago she herself X-rayed a child who had swallowed a coin, and who was brought to her hospital at Woburn. Having located the coin and found that it would be very difficult to remove, the Duchess sent the child in her motor-car to Guy's Hospital, where the coin was removed. The Duchess is not only radiologist at the hospital which bears her name, but she attends all the operations and helps with the nursing in the wards. Before her marriage she spent several years in India, and it was there that she met Lord Herbrand Russell, who was A.C.D. to Lord Dufferin, the Viceroy. Ten years later, Lord Herbrand succeeded his brother as Duke of Bedford.

The "Ralli" Twins.

For some mysterious reason, that perhaps goes back to primitive ages and a belief in magic, twins have a queer sort of attraction for many people, especially when they are of the same sex and resemble each other so closely that their acquaintances cannot



APPEARING ON THE STAGE AS THE "RALLI SISTERS": THE HON. ALISON AND HON. MARGARET HORE-RUTHVEN.

tell them apart. The fact that they are twins is undoubtedly a great asset to Lord Ruthven's youngest daughters. They are very proud about it, and do their best by always dressing alike, even in the smallest detail, to increase their friends' mystification.

The adventure of being mannequins did not fascinate them for long, and their first stage engagement—it was at a Christmas pantomime at Golder's Green—was only for a short season. They took lessons in dancing, in which they were already very skilful, at the famous Tiller School before appearing in a turn of their own at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, on Easter Monday, where they appeared under the name of "The Ralli Sisters," and had a good reception. That was very nice, but one wonders what Miss Horniman, who did such magnificent work at the Gaiety, thought when she read of at least one ultra modern dance being performed on the stage of her many triumphs.

The Coming Voters.

The Premier's promise to introduce an Equal Franchise Bill next Session is by far the most important thing that has happened to women for many years, so important that it is difficult to foresee its results. Its immediate effect will be most appreciated, of course, by the politically minded among the two million women over thirty who are as yet unenfranchised and among the other two million well on in the twenties. They include a very large proportion of the professional women, and probably half the

teachers and trained nurses. They have deeply resented the cry about "Votes for Flappers."



AN ACTIVE MEMBER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY: MISS BETTY BALDWIN.

It is rather odd to remember, by the way, that these "flappers" of twenty-one have been legally of a marriageable age for nine years, for England is one of the countries where a girl may be married when she is only twelve.

Girl Politicians.

The questions everyone is asking now are—whether the average girl is interested in politics, or, indeed, knows anything about them; whether she will use her vote when she gets it, and, if so, how. It is probably true that many girls are much better educated politically than they were some years ago, and that a great many do understand how vitally their lives are affected by the laws under which they live. Personal experience has taught the industrial girls, many of whom will have earned their living for seven years before they reach the magic age of twenty-one. Both the Conservative and the Liberal Parties have been trying to interest and educate the quite young women, and they will certainly increase their efforts now. Miss Betty Baldwin, who is well under thirty, is an active member of a young Conservative organisation, and she has driven her car at several bye-elections. Miss Joynson-Hicks, the Home Secretary's daughter, who works at a women's settlement in South London, also takes a keen and most practical interest in politics.

Lady Lloyd's Holiday.

At the very prettiest time of the year Lady Lloyd, wife of the High Commissioner in Egypt, is coming with her only son, David, who is now nearly fifteen, to visit her friends in England. She has quite recovered from her recent illness, and a fortnight before leaving Cairo was able to attend the luncheon given at Abda Palace in honour of Lord Lloyd and herself. The High Commissioner's home in Cairo is the centre of the English community and Lady Lloyd entertains there all the distinguished British folk who nowadays find such a fascination in Egypt, as well as the interesting people who go there on leave or on business from their duties in the Near East.



THE WIFE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT LADY LLOYD.



NOW VISITING NEW YORK: LADY DENBIGH



"After pausing a few minutes, Morton as the smiling landlord appeared asked him to sit down and take a share of the good cheer. This invitation was peculiarly acceptable to Niel Blane and while he received encouragement to drink by far the greater share of the liquor he entered at length upon the news of the country. . . .

"'Your honour will rest here a' the night?' said Niel. . . .

"'I tell you, landlord,' answered Morton 'I must go straight to this woman Maclure's house. . . .'

"'Aweel, sir, ye'll choose for yourself' said Niel Blane 'and it's no lost that a friend gets'."

OLD MORTALITY, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

It's not lost, what a friend gets — and if he be given gentle, mellow, jovial Black & White then will "the wing of friendship never moult a feather." For Black & White cannot but make for amity. Henry Morton was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

BLACK & WHITE

SCOTCH WHISKY

James Buchanan & Co. Ltd Scotch Whisky Distillers

London & Glasgow.



Fashions & Fancies



These attractive cardigan suits are from Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W. The one above is fashioned of stockinette and the other of white silk and wool.

Colour in Golf and Tennis Fashions.

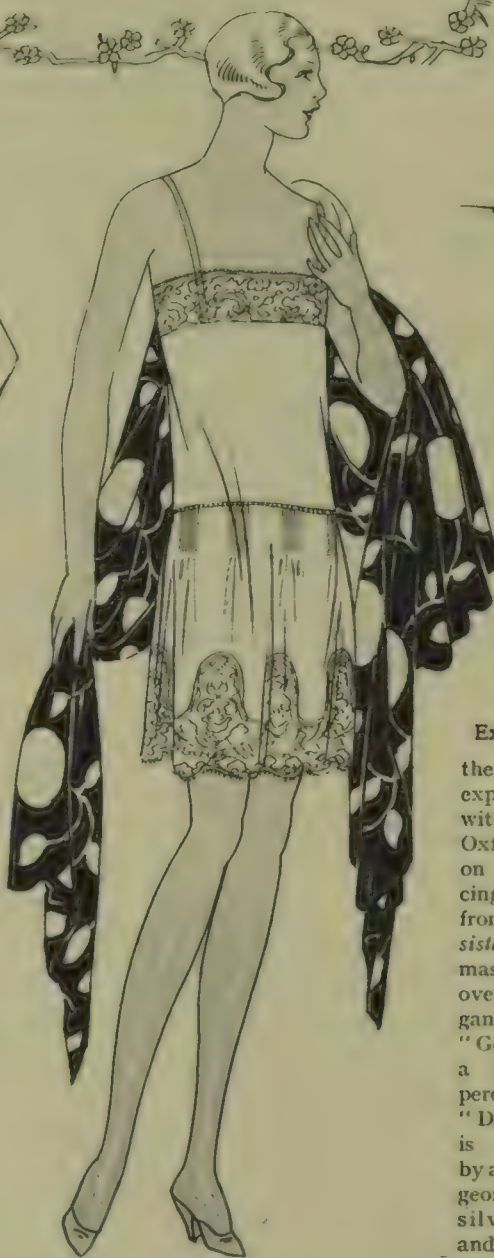
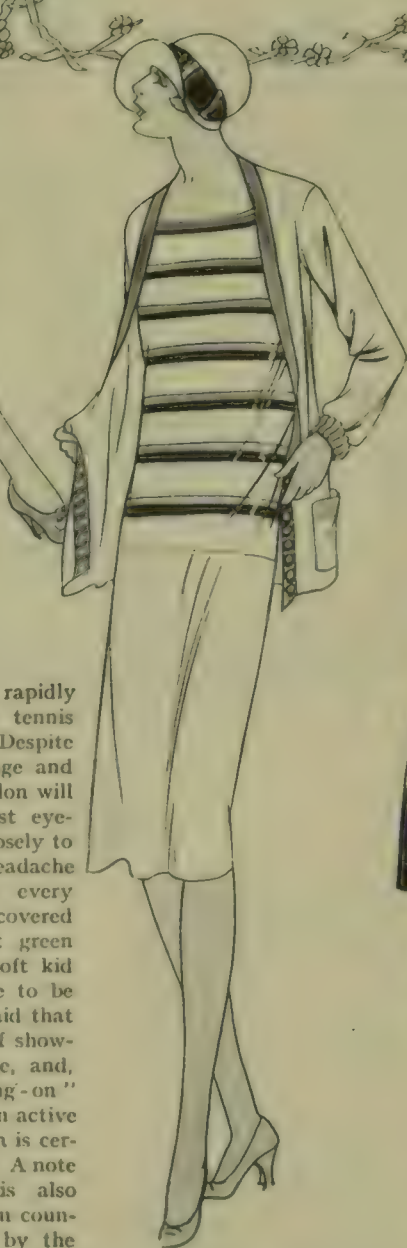
The vogue for colour is spreading so rapidly that even the sacred precincts of the tennis courts and golf courses are not immune. Despite the absence of Mlle. Lenglen's famous orange and jade bandeaux, it is evident that Wimbledon will not be colourless this season. The latest eyeshades play two rôles. The part fitting closely to the head is as wide as the ordinary "headache band," and is of pleated georgette in every colour imaginable; while the shade is covered with the same material, lined with dark green to rest the eyes. The new shoes are of soft kid in rainbow hues, and even golf shoes are to be seen carried out in red or green. It is said that they have been designed with the object of showing good foot-work to the best advantage, and, now that sport is as much a "looking-on"

pastime as an active one, the idea is certainly good. A note of gaiety is also introduced in country outfits by the coloured shawls of knitted wool or cretonne with long "frayed" fringes, which are quite inexpensive and are designed for garden or sports wraps. They possess the additional advantage of being adaptable to the purposes of a rug when desired. Later on in the season there will be the gay beach outfits consisting of bathing dress, long coat, shoes and cap made entirely of brilliantly coloured rubber of the "shiny" variety. They are in shaded designs and in bold jazz patterns. The cloaks or coats are eminently practical, for they make ideal seaside mackintoshes at odd moments!

Frocks for Summer Weather.

There is always an infinite variety of pretty summer frocks to be found at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street, S.W., and two of the latest models are sketched here. The one on the left is of blue voile trimmed with frills of lace, and costs 69s. 6d.; and the other is of voile with insertions of pink organdie, embroidered in charming colourings. This can be secured for 63s. Then there are well-cut tennis frocks of crêpe-de-Chine ranging from 65s. 9d., and from 39s. 6d. in ivory spun silk; while washing frocks for abroad are from 18s. 9d. upwards.

A pretty summer frock of blue voile trimmed with rows of narrow lace, which is to be found at Walpole Brothers, New Bond Street, W.



Fascinating Knitted Sports Outfits.

The vogue for the knitted cardigan ensemble grows stronger every day, and two most attractive variations are pictured on the left of this page. They were sketched at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W. On the left is a suit with striped jumper and sleeveless cardigan and skirt. This is available for 49s. 6d. in many attractive colourings. On the right is a tennis outfit with skirt and cardigan of white silk and wool, and the sleeveless jumper striped with green, orange, and white. The price is 6 guineas. In the same salon are very smart jumper suits with plain jumpers and the skirts stencilled with shaded horizontal stripes. These are only 3½ guineas complete, and striped wool jumpers of every kind can be secured from 25s. 9d. The lingerie sketched above also came from these salons. The pyjamas are of pink crêpe-de-Chine embroidered with apple-blossom, and on the left is a combined petticoat and knickers of crêpe-de-Chine and lace costing 52s. 9d. Travelling dressing-gowns of coloured tussore contained in neat little cases can be secured for 31s. 9d., and for 33s. 9d. in printed shantung. There are also fascinating little matinée jackets of crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with georgette available for 39s. 6d., and boudoir wraps of artificial silk are 21s. 9d.



Sprays of apple-blossom are embroidered on the fascinating pyjamas above, and on the left are combined petticoat and knickers of crêpe-de-Chine and lace; sketched at Woolland Brothers.

Sunshades to Express Perfumes.

Surely one of the most fascinating new modes for Ascot this year is the vogue for the sunshade created to express your favourite perfume, and scented with it also. Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., are to be congratulated on the fact that a display of these entrancing frivolities may be seen in their salons from May 2 onwards. The *pièce de résistance* is the sunshade made entirely of massed Parma violets, with the stalks drawn over the ferrule. It is scented with Houbigant's violet perfume. Another, christened "Gossamer," is of mauve georgette with a huge *chou* of blue and silver gaily perched in the centre; and Worth's famous "Dans la Nuit" is represented by a sunshade of georgette with silver moons and stars.



From Walpole Brothers comes this fairylike frock of voile with insertions of organdie and delicate embroideries.

1827



1927

BEETHOVEN

The Immortal Nine Symphonies

THIS series of Columbia records of the entire *Nine Beethoven Symphonies* was the outstanding feature of the International Beethoven Centenary programme, being specially recorded for that occasion.

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With one exception, the symphonies are recorded from actual performances in public halls—a departure unique in itself, bringing the sense of public performance into the home for the first time.

SYMPHONY No. 1 in C major (Op. 21). Four Records (Nos. L1889 to L1892).—6s. 6d. each. In Art Album, 26s.

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(Recorded in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester.)

SYMPHONY No. 5 in C minor (Op. 67). Four Records (Nos. L1880 to L1883).—6s. 6d. each. In Art Album, 26s.

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(Recorded in the Scala Theatre, London.)

SYMPHONY No. 9 (CHORAL) in D minor (Op. 125). Eight Records (Nos. L1775 to L1782).—6s. 6d. each. In Art Album, 52s.

Sir GEORGE HENSCHER and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

Sir THOMAS BEECHAM and London Symphony Orchestra

Sir HENRY J. WOOD and New Queen's Hall Orchestra

(Proprs.: Chappell & Co., Ltd.)

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FELIX WEINGARTNER and Royal Philharmonic Orchestra

FELIX WEINGARTNER and London Symphony Orchestra

With MURIEL BRUNSKILL, MIRIAM LICETTE, HUBERT EISELL, HAROLD WILLIAMS & CHORUS.

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Like Life itself!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MARIGOLD." AT THE KINGSWAY.

A PRETTY story of the "Quality Street" sort is what Allen Harker and F. R. Pryor offer us in "Marigold." It is a story of old-world manners and old-fashioned sentiment, introducing a heroine of extraordinary ingenuousness, who embarks on a rash but, as it turns out, a happy adventure. The scenes vary between a country manse and the lodgings of a boy officer in Edinburgh. We are carried back to the early years of Victoria's reign, see little Marigold first of all betrothed to a pompous laird, and then watch her make a dash for the Edinburgh coach in order to have a glimpse of the young Queen as she reaches the Castle. Marigold, it should be added, goes there alone. She accepts the light-hearted invitation of Archie Forsyth to view the royal procession, and you can imagine his surprise and his embarrassment on her arrival. If she is innocent, he is high-minded, and though it is jolly to give her tea, and make her known to his regimental chums, and teach her the newest dance, he is haunted by the problem of where to put her up for the night. Just in time to save the situation arrives the minister's wife, Mrs. Pringle. A kindly, broad-minded woman this, whom Miss Jean Cadell's assured art makes us glad to meet. And now it is only necessary to discover for Marigold a wealthy mother in the shape of an actress who has piled up riches in France, and the laird's courtship is doomed, and the heroine's romance can end in the early Victorian way. If there are some slow moments in the story, there is also humour and charm. Mr. Deering Wells gets the right boyish note as the officer hero. Miss Beatrice Wilson does her best to make the actress possible. The necessary contrast of Scottish austerity is sufficiently indicated by Mr. Athole Stewart, Mr. Hubert Harben, and Miss Mary Barton. And Miss Angela Baddeley's Marigold is adorable—as fresh as a peach, exactly suited to her atmosphere.

"THE VAGABOND KING." AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

It is useless to quarrel with the librettists of "The Vagabond King" for offering us a whitewashed Villon as hero of their musical comedy. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy began the business when he wrote the play which they have adapted for their purpose,

and they have but followed suit. If Nell Gwynns and Empress Catherine must be idealised before they can gain admittance to the lyric stage, why should not the cutpurse and cut-throat poet suffer a sea change? It is indeed a transformed Villon Mr. Derek Oldham presents to us—a gallant who is wooed by a Court lady, has another woman die for him, and poses as a patriot ready to die himself for France. But there is this merit about the piece, that it has a story to tell, and sticks to its story. Moreover, it has bright and tuneful music throughout (Rudolf Friml's), and boasts artists that can sing. Miss Winnie Melville, for instance, has pleasant songs to sing, and renders them pleasantly. Moreover, there is some good acting from Mr. H. A. Saintsbury as Louis XI., and some lively, if very modern, humour provided by Mr. Mark Lester. "The Vagabond King" ought to be a big success.

"ON APPROVAL." AT THE FORTUNE.

Mr. Lonsdale's "On Approval" is such delicious nonsense and so deliciously acted that it seems a pity that, with its tiny thread of a plot and its quartet of characters, the author had not curtailed its length to match the size of his theatre, and left his audience no time to think amid their laughter. For there is a moment at the close of his second act when you say, "Now, five more minutes could finish up this business," just as there is a scene half-way through when the only charming person in the story speaks with so much natural feeling as nearly wrecks the gossamer structure of farce. Helen, indeed, the gentle young heiress of a pickles millionaire, is the weak spot in Mr. Lonsdale's scheme. You ask how she has strayed into the company in which she is found, how she could tolerate as friend so exacting, nagging, and selfish a woman as Marion Wislack; how she could deem amusing a Duke whose boorishness and egoism are equalled only by his conceit? And you wonder whether trouble is not in store for her when, in the end, she goes off with the ingenuous Richard. It is all very well to leave the Duke and Maria, who fight whenever they meet, to the agony of enduring each other's society for three weeks snowed up in the Highlands; but is this tame cat of a Richard—Maria's tame cat and "husband on approval"—a proper mate for a girl of spirit? If the play were shorter we should not ask these questions; and, anyhow, it is so full of fun, and has so

brilliant a cast, that they only disturb us momentarily. Who could help enjoying the technique of that mistress of comedy, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, reconciling us to a virago we should run from in real life? Who could fail to be tickled by the droll masque Mr. Ronald Squire's Duke presents, with its combination of stupid complacency and audacious impudence? Who could help smiling as Mr. Breon changes explosively from passivity to rebellion? And who could resist the engaging sincerity of Miss Valerie Taylor's Helen? Miss Taylor is an actress with a big future.

"SCARAMOUCHE." AT THE GARRICK.

"Scaramouche," by Rafael Sabatini, has done duty already as a film story; but it makes a full-blooded melodrama as played with words, and gives Sir John Martin Harvey, in its leading rôle, plenty of eloquent speeches to deliver, as well as doughty deeds to do and perils to escape. Its hero, as his bearing might well suggest, is of aristocratic birth, though he heads a mob in the French Revolution. To escape the pursuit of a wicked Marquis he joins a band of mummers, and brings them triumph and fame. In the end he secures vengeance for a murdered friend, discovers his parentage, and is happy in his love. A stirring costume piece, in fine, in which the actor-manager scores, and Miss Margaret Swallow proves an attractive heroine.

In connection with the item which appeared in our issue of March 26 describing the tyre re-treading scheme which the Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd., are now offering the public, we have been asked to state that this concern has now included the following sizes of tyres in the scheme: 31 x 4.95, 32 x 5.25, 700 x 80/85, 710 x 90, 760 x 90, 765 x 105, 815 x 105, 820 x 120, 28 x 3½.

A recent visitor to Monte Carlo is enthusiastic in praise of Pam's Hotel and Restaurant, in the Avenue de la Costa, an establishment owned and managed by an Englishman, Mr. F. T. Pamment. Particular emphasis is laid on the excellence of the fare when compared with the prices charged, and on the courteous service. A first-class orchestra is in attendance, and the hotel, which is beautifully appointed, stands in a very central position, close to the Gardens.

A GREAT MAN & HIS SYPHON



WILLIAM

Our Portrait is of William, Wine Steward of the Parthenium Club, Pall Mall.

The Records show that, during his 43 years' service, this famous personality has supplied the Club Members with sufficient Schweppes Soda Water to have extinguished the Great Fire of London.

He is shown with his 200,000th syphon.

“Schweppes” 99
THE ORIGINAL
SODA WATER

Your chauffeur

Dress him in a suit he will be proud to wear, one worthy of the car—a uniform by Dunhills.



A Dunhills uniform cut from the new livery cloths specially manufactured for Dunhills. This style is particularly suited to drivers of closed cars, and, like all Dunhill clothes, is individually tailored by their own skilled staff. It will ensure the smart appearance so desirable in a chauffeur.

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THE NEW STORM-CENTRE IN CHINA: NANKING.

(Continued from Page 756.)

Prince," during the Taiping rebellion. The glory of the Mings and their Tombs has departed, and nought remains but scattered fragments of porcelain about the hillside. The local Chinamen have made a definite trade of faking pieces of porcelain and selling them to tourists as mementoes of the Pagoda; so if one wants a genuine piece it is safer to find it oneself on the ground.

The Ming Tombs were erected to the memory of the Royal Family of the Ming Dynasty. The great mausoleum, dedicated to the Emperor Hung Wu, was built at the end of the fourteenth century, and is still in excellent preservation; the other monuments are more or less complete, though some of them are slowly sinking into the earth. Most of the huge stone images are arranged in an avenue leading across the hillside to the mausoleum, but a few are irregularly scattered over the ground. It is a most extraordinary fact that some of these huge figures represent animals absolutely unknown in China, and the artists who, some five-and-a-half centuries ago, carved them so splendidly must either themselves have travelled to India and back or have worked from drawings and descriptions of others who had so travelled. Lately the Tombs have been surrounded by high railings, because certain vandal tourists had resorted to the obnoxious practice of cutting out their names on the soft stone.

Nanking teems with interest not only for the curio-hunter pure and simple, but for the cultured traveller. Chinese life has not perceptibly altered through contact with the West, and ten years ago the spectacle of an Englishwoman in the streets was bound to collect a curious crowd, and one frequently saw anxious mothers snatch up their gaily-clad offspring lest the foreign devils should carry off their eyes to make medicine. In our walks we came not infrequently

upon a coffin lying in the open, waiting until the "family" should succeed in procuring a fit resting-place for it and its occupant. Sometimes the coffins were new and tied round with coarse matting, and half-hidden under stones and clods, but more often they had lain so long exposed to rain and sun that the coverings had rotted off and the wood begun to decay. The whole country is covered with graves, containing in great measure the victims of the Taiping rebellion—grass-grown mounds that resemble nothing so much

as magnified molehills; the elaborate hillside, walled-in tombs so characteristic of parts further south are not seen in the Yangtse Valley. Some of these graves proved a considerable source of trouble and expense to the constructors of the railway from Shanghai to Hankow, for the family owning every mound destroyed in the laying of the track had to be handsomely recompensed to atone for the indignity put upon its revered ancestor. And there were occasions when John Chinaman extracted "squeeze" from the railway company in an unusually ingenious manner.

It happened that one day an old native, wending his way homewards after dark, was knocked down and killed by a train as he crossed the rails. Of course, the relations were generously compensated by the officials of the company. Such a golden opportunity was not to be despised, so it came about that defunct grandfathers and grandmothers were surreptitiously conveyed after dark to the railway, where they were carefully laid across the metals. Next day, amidst loud lamentations, money was demanded by way of compensation. But the game was up when the train ran over one old gentleman who, when examined by the officials, was discovered to have been dead for a very considerable time!

We saw and heard of curious instances of the Yangtse Chinaman's fear of Western doctors, to whom he will only go as a last resort, preferring, perhaps very naturally, his own "medicine-man." Quaint remedies the latter have—pills containing a panacea for almost all the ills flesh is heir to, but the less said about their composition the better. In obstinate cases exorcism is necessary, evil spirits being responsible for the more troublesome diseases. One of our hotel boys was ill during our stay, and was granted leave to visit his own doctor. He came back looking worse than ever, but when we asked him about his treatment he proudly pulled open his garments and disclosed three small punctures in his side. "Bad joss man there," he explained; "doctor man he makee come out." We hoped faith would cure.



SIMILAR TO THE SUNK GALLEYS TO BE SALVAGED FROM THE LAKE OF NEMI:
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In announcing recently the new excavations at Herculaneum, Signor Mussolini said that another great archaeological work was also to be undertaken by the Italian Government—the recovery of the two imperial Roman pleasure-galleys that have lain sunk in Lake Nemi for over 1800 years. Such craft, which reached their highest point of luxury in Nero's reign (54-68 A.D.), were elaborately ornate. The above model was constructed, after careful study of the records, by Mr. G. A. Gudé, of London, and is to be seen at Kingsbury House, 15, King Street, St. James's.

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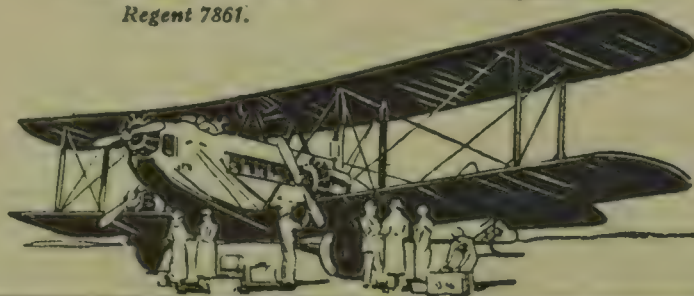
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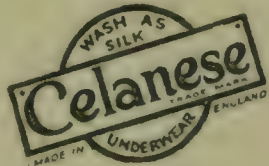
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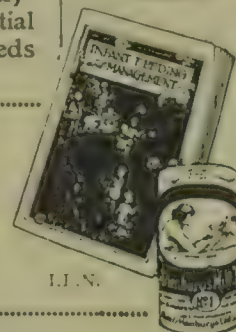
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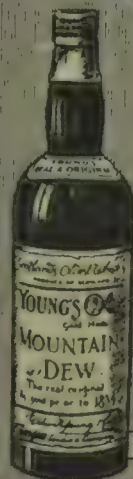
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By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

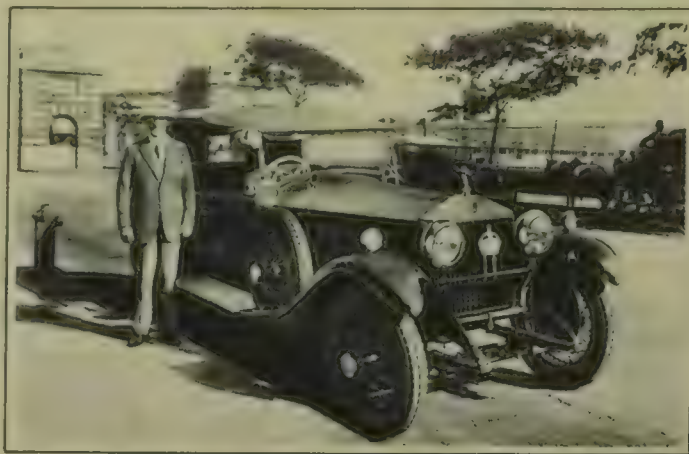
SOME INTERESTING GADGETS.

FROM time to time manufacturers of accessories send me examples of their latest products, with a request that I should put them to as exhaustive a test as I can devise in the ordinary course of my road-work, and describe my experiences with them later on. I am always very glad to do this, because it seems to me that in a number of ways those of us who pay more than the minimum price for our new cars are not always getting gadgets with them of proportionate quality, and I know well that I, for one, always listen to the opinions of fellow-motorists on new discoveries in this line with special interest. If you really like your car you will soon find out that you are dissatisfied with this or that part of her equipment, and you will begin a course of intensive advertisement-reading in the hope of finding worthier fittings for the companion of your days.

From a particularly good batch received since Christmas (and some of them a good deal further back than that) I choose for review to-day a pair of lamps, a set of tyres, lifting-jacks, and an engine-thermometer. For the lamps, the British A.C.C., it is claimed that a safe driving light is obtained from a small bulb set in a small lamp at a small expense of current. The tyres, the "Air-Sprung" medium pressure, made by the North British Rubber Company, are said to have a long life, and to eliminate side-slip. The Stevenson jacks are of a special kind; and the same can be said of the "Car-Thermo" engine-temperature gauge.

Taking them in this order, I begin with the lamps. In appearance the Comptophone differs a good deal from the ordinary small lamp. The circumference of the outside edge is about five inches, much the size of an average side-

you did not get that feeling of driving through an immense tunnel of white, with black invisibility on either side of you. The Comptophone seems to glow rather than to shine. The pair I am trying are fitted on the wings. A point I appreciate is their ball-joint mounting, which enables you to swivel them as you please. They are finished off in a very workmanlike dull ebony, and cost £4 10s. the pair. So far I have no fault to find with them. They seem to consume about as much current as the ordinary small side-lamp.



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BENGAL WITH THE OFFICIAL CAR THAT MET HIM ON LANDING IN INDIA: SIR F. S. JACKSON BESIDE A ROLLS-ROYCE "NEW PHANTOM" AT BOMBAY

Sir Francis Stanley Jackson, who recently went to India as Governor of Bengal, is a keen motorist and all-round sportsman, formerly, of course, most famous as a cricketer.

My report on the Air-Sprung tyres is necessarily brief. I have only covered 1500 miles with them as yet, and I trust it will be a long time before I have to mention the question of wear and tear; but it is only fair to put it on record that I have not yet tried any kind of tyre whose tread showed less or even as little signs of damage after that distance. To all intents and purposes the tyres are still new. The main claim made for them, immunity from skidding, is a very fair one, so far as my experience goes. I have no idea what pattern of tread is supposed to give the best grip on slippery surfaces, and, judging from the variety exhibited on all sorts of tyres, I imagine that it is largely a matter of guess-work—or nearly so. However that may be, there is no doubt that the Air-Sprung has a tread which

keeps my car astonishingly steady on the worst of London grease. An interesting tyre, on which I hope to report again before long.

The Stevenson jacks have been a very present help and comfort to me this past ugly winter. They consist in a pair of steel legs, permanently fixed one on each side of the chassis, lowered and raised by a means of a handle which you fit into the necessary socket under the edge of the running boards. They are completely out of sight when out of use. Their main attraction, to me at all events, is that they raise two wheels at once—tilt the car sideways, in fact. This means that the revolting job of emptying the engine-ump or gear-box of old oil, or of doing any inspection-pit work without an inspection-pit, is made very much less hateful. The exertion needed for raising the car is considerably less than that required for manipulating an ordinary jack of the twisting-handle kind, and, although I daresay there is not much advantage in point of time, the knowledge that you have not got to crouch in the road, trying to coax a reluctant jack under a remote back-axle, and that the only thing you have to do is not to lose the handle, is worth far more than anything the orthodox kind of jack has to offer you. A pair for a genuine light-weight car costs approximately £4 4s., and £6 6s. to £6 15s. for anything bigger.

The Car-Thermo differs from any other temperature-indicator I have tried in one important respect. It registers the heat of the cooling-water at the moment when it emerges from the cylinder-head. The connection is made in the flexible water-joint between the radiator and cylinder water-outlet, and you have, therefore, accurate knowledge of the



MOTURING IN HOLLAND, THE LAND OF WINDMILLS AND WATERWAYS: A CROSSLEY "SIX" IN A TYPICAL DUTCH LANDSCAPE.

lamp; but the body has a long tail, from the end of which the correct focus is arranged. The actual lens is very small, not more than an inch and a-half across, the remainder of the "face" of the lamp being devoted to an exterior reflector surrounding the lens, which is concave. The reflector behind the bulb is small, and, frankly, I see no reason why this lamp should give, not only the excellent light it does, but any light at all.

The main feature of these pocket head-lights (for that is what they amount to) is that their light is properly diffused. There is no outstanding beam, but the whole width of the road is comfortably lit up. I use the word comfortably because the absence of stabbing rays means the absence of black shadows and violent contrasts. It would be absurd to say that you can drive as fast with these lamps as with the stock sort of headlight, but you can do thirty-five miles an hour without the smallest anxiety—and very few people want to do more, no matter what their lamps' power may be. At a hundred paces' distance you can read a visiting-card clearly, and, sceptical as I still am about most alleged devices for reducing dazzle without reducing light, I am bound to record that the A.C.C. beam does not seem to sear one's eyes as much as the ordinary lamp.

That aspect of the matter did not, however, interest me so much. The finest non-dazzle contraption is useless unless it is universally fitted. What I liked was the quality of the light. It was soft and unlocalised. The whole of the road was illuminated well enough for you to drive safely at a fair speed, but



ROVING WITH A ROVER AMID IDYLIC SURROUNDINGS: LEADERS IN A PALACE OF BEAUTY AT BIRMINGHAM.

The photograph shows the Misses Margaret and Norah Hatfull, who were chosen from many candidates as leading figures in the Palace of Beauty at a Birmingham exhibition. They are here seen with a Rover car in an appropriate spring setting.



POWER FOR LAWN-MOWING: ONE OF MESSRS. GREEN'S WELL-KNOWN MOTOR-MOWERS.

Now that lawns of all kinds, including tennis courts, golf and bowling greens, cricket grounds, and so on, are once more demanding attention, the well-known lawn-mowing machines (hand- or power-driven) of Messrs. Thomas Green and Sons, of Leeds, are of special interest. We illustrate one of their many models of motor-mowers.

thermal conditions under which the engine is working, instead of the mere temperature of the water once it has reached the radiator. At first glance you might not think there would be much difference, but a few days' experience with this quite new device will show you that there is a world of it. With a thermometer set in the radiator-cap there is seldom any rapid fluctuation recorded, the temperature usually remaining fairly constant. With the Car-Thermo the indicating needle (it is of the dashboard dial type, particularly neat and workmanlike) often rises from the "Efficient" mark to the "Danger" in a few seconds, and drops again as quickly. I drove on a warmish day, with a comforting sun shining on everybody and their radiators, and after some very trying hill-climbing, with frequent stoppings and re-startings, the needle took to staying well inside the "Danger" section. At its highest reading I stopped and tested the heat of the water at the radiator-cap. It was not even steaming.

I consider this to be a very important point for those who endeavour to maintain a constant temperature (an essential of true efficiency) by mechanical means such as radiator shutters. The Car-Thermo is made and sold by the British Instrument Company, Hendon, N.W. The price of the small model is 35s. Beyond drilling the necessary hole in the dash to take the instrument, there is nothing the owner-driver cannot do for himself in fitting it.



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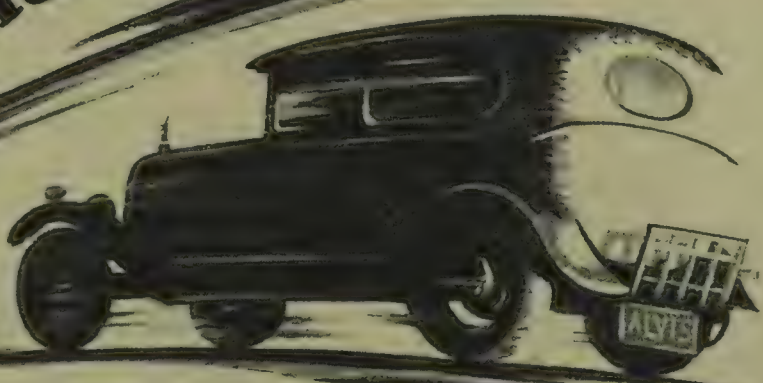
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

AN ENGLISH OPERATIC TRIUMPH.

THE Bristol Opera Company did a brave thing when they produced Mozart's delightful opera, "Cosi Fan Tutte," last year at Bristol. Those who saw the production were unanimous in praising it, and no doubt this gave the company courage to try their venture in London at the Kingsway Theatre for a run of three weeks. This has proved so successful that the production has now been transferred to the Court Theatre, where it will run for as long as the company can hold out.

We are so used to long runs of plays that we do not realise that singers cannot go on singing eight performances a week in an exacting operatic work as actors can. Singing is a much more exhausting business than acting, and particularly the singing of Mozart, with his highly elaborate arias, duets, trios, quartets, and general ensembles. So that the present run of "Cosi Fan Tutte"—or, to give it its English title, "The School for Lovers"—will almost certainly not last long enough to give everybody who wishes to hear it an opportunity to do so, unless the principals can find capable understudies to relieve them occasionally.

"Cosi Fan Tutte"—or, to translate it literally, "Thus Do All"—has been the least understood of Mozart's masterpieces. In this opera Mozart had again the advantage of the really witty and ingenious Da Ponte as librettist. It was Da Ponte who wrote the book of "Figaro" and of "Don Giovanni," both of them models of what a libretto should be; but it has been assumed that in "Cosi Fan Tutte" the skill of Da Ponte failed, and most musical critics of the nineteenth century have described the plot of "Cosi Fan Tutte" as wholly ridiculous and absurd. The absurdity of the plot consisted, for them, in what was assumed to be its unreality. But these critics had quite overlooked the fact that Da Ponte had deliberately written an artificial fantasy, as light as a first-rate soufflé, which is not supposed to nourish you or provide work for one's teeth.

As Professor Dent points out, "Cosi Fan Tutte" was never understood even in Germany until Richard Strauss revived it in Munich about thirty years ago, and made clear that in "Cosi Fan Tutte" we had

the most artificial, highly polished, fantastic invention of Mozart's pen. One cannot call it a satire, for a satire is always serious and deals with reality; but neither Mozart nor Da Ponte would have wished us to take the plot of "Cosi Fan Tutte" as a satire upon the nature of women. The two charming heroines who, as soon as their lovers' backs are turned—called away by the trumps of war—console themselves with two amorous young Armenian noblemen, are not to be taken as a serious revelation of the fickleness or the wickedness of the female heart. These young creatures are mere fantastic Ariels made up of fire and air, who weep, sigh, and kiss with the nonchalance of birds-of-paradise, and just as prettily. Once we have realised their nature, we are no longer shocked to find that the young amorous Armenian noblemen are our young officers in disguise. This, which put too great a strain upon the solemn matter-of-factness of the nineteenth century, puts no strain whatever upon the gaiety of the twentieth century. We do not feel called upon either to believe or to disbelieve in the possibility of these young lovers disguising themselves from their sweethearts in the twinkling of an eye. We accept the fact that they are disguised as part of the fun, and the fun is immense—but delicately immense, like the most ethereal and gossamer of balloons, gaily coloured and blown up to a prodigious size.

Incidentally, we are kept amused by the steady stream of Da Ponte's nimble wit, which has been deftly translated by no less a person than the Rev. Marmaduke Brown, under which name we may, if we wish, imagine that we discern a more solid and eminent figure. A bad translation of this excellent libretto would be enough to ruin the opera, and "Cosi Fan Tutte" has been ruined by bad translations when performed in English in the past. And its producer, Mr. Johnstone-Douglas, who himself plays the part of one of the young officers and pseudo-Armenian nobles, has known how to give the whole opera an English production as well as using an English translation. We feel we are hearing an English fantasy akin to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which English fantastic spirits are clad in the habiliments of Italy and other strange parts of the world, but preserving at the same time an essentially English core.

This, perhaps, is one of the chief reasons of the

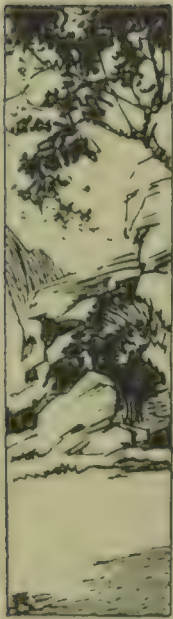
opera's immense success with the public here. It presents no difficulties whatever. It gets across the footlights in the first half-dozen sentences, and we feel immediately that what we are hearing might be a comedy by Shakespeare—the early, rather Italianate, euphuistic Shakespeare—with music by Mozart. Is it any wonder that such a combination is a huge success? It makes one wish that Mozart had made an opera of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "A Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," and "The Tempest." What marvellous works they would have been!

It is in "Cosi Fan Tutte" that Mozart succeeds in writing his one purely artificial and fantastic opera. In all the others there is a large and very vivid streak of reality. Even in "Figaro" the music he gives to the Countess Almaviva breathes the very ecstasy of warm, living human tenderness and sorrow. There is not a single note of this kind struck in "Cosi Fan Tutte." It remains inhuman, or non-human, from the first bar to the last. There are sighs, vows, protestations, endearments, jealousies, rages, and contentments to profusion, but they are all disembodied ghosts of the passions they pretend to be. They are ethereal, spectral, airy inhabitants of Cloud-Cuckooland, and we may watch their postures and listen to their exquisitely modelled cries without grief or terror, while we can admire unreservedly the consummate art of the musical genius who could weave this iridescent dream-world for us.

"Seraglio," which is the only Mozart opera to be produced at Covent Garden this year, is quite a different kind of work, in spite of its superficial resemblance in artificiality and plot. But I think that, now the Bristol Opera Company has made such a success with the English version of "Cosi Fan Tutte," it might well turn to "Seraglio" and give an English version of that, for it would have an appeal to a wider audience than the purely musical public. "Idomeneo," on the other hand, which is the one opera of Mozart's that all musicians long to hear adequately produced, is again quite a different business. Its appeal would be to the specifically musical public, and it would need a most careful production at Covent Garden with the finest singers to do justice to its remarkable qualities. One day, perhaps, the generosity and enterprise of Mr. and Mrs. Courtald will enable Londoners to hear this neglected work.

[Continued overleaf.]

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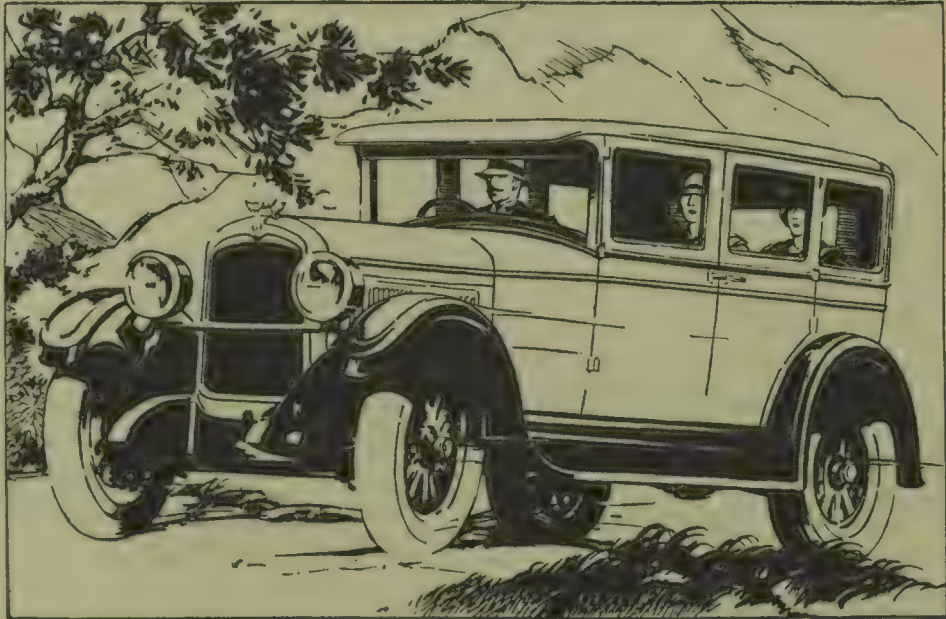


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(Continued.)

This season at Covent Garden will be probably the most brilliant musically since the war. The London Opera Syndicate has gathered together with great discrimination a remarkable group of singers. There has, perhaps, never been a greater array of talent in the history of Covent Garden. The two cycles of the "Ring" will have the advantage of Bruno Walter as conductor and of Schorr as Wotan. Onegin, Olczewska, Frida Leider, Goete Ijungberg, Larsen-Todsen, Lotte Lehmann, Helen Wildbrunn, Elizabeth Schumann, Maria Jeritza, and Maria Ivoguen make up an operatic cast of superb quality. We may look for what ought to be the finest performance of the "Ring" that the present generation of opera-goers has ever heard; while such a magnificent coloratura singer as Maria Ivoguen will lend special interest to the Italian operas.

W. J. TURNER.

Those who follow the trend of modern art have noticed the increasing employment of celebrated artists by advertisers of the highest standing, and in their present advertising for York Chocolates, Rowntree and Co., Ltd., have succeeded in enlisting the aid of four artists of more than British reputation. The work of Wallcousins is known from Vancouver to Berlin; Gilroy is a former winner of a Rome Scholarship; and the vivacious art of Septimus Scott and Howard Elcock has won critical appreciation on both sides of the Channel. By employing artists of such distinction, Messrs. Rowntree and Co. are instrumental in bringing back art to the everyday life of the nation, where it really belongs.

This year is undoubtedly a tailored season, and to demonstrate effectively the charm of the new tailor-mades, Burberrys are holding a series of mannequin parades at their Haymarket House on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 3, 4, and 5, from 11.30 a.m. to 1 p.m., and in the afternoon from 3 to 5. On these special occasions, the season's new creations for town, country, sport, and travel will be shown for the first time. Another interesting feature will be the display of Burberrys' coloured weatherproofs—attractive weather-resisting overcoats designed on lines that admirably adapt them for wear with the smartest frocks at Ascot, Henley, Lord's, and other fashionable functions. The range of colourings is so extensive that it is possible to procure a coat to harmonise with a gown of almost any shade. Every reader of this paper is cordially invited to attend these parades.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

JAMES BURTENSHAW (Portsmouth St. Fillans).—We note the service you rendered to the game by assisting in the formation of the B.C. Federation, and much appreciate the interest you take in this column. Your criticism, however, of No. 3998 is based on an error. One of the many merits of the problem is that 1. R takes P will not answer. This has been proposed by many solvers besides yourself; but if 1. R takes P, B to B sq; 2. Kt to K 3rd, B to K Kt 5th (ch), and there is no mate in three moves.

R MILLEDGE (Bexhill).—If in No. 3998 you play 1. Kt to K 6th, K to Kt 2nd; 2. P to Q B 6th (ch), why not 2. K to R sq? He is not compelled to commit suicide on B sq.

K R HOOKER (New York).—You are quite right in regard to No. 3998, but you will have gathered by this time it was a misprint. Most of our readers did us the credit of inferring such was the case.

JOHN W BROWN (Aberystwyth).—Thanks for your problems. "A" has an excellent key move; but the defence is too feeble: one gasp, and it is all over. Look at No. 4000 as an example of what Black's replies should lead up to. The same criticism applies to "B," but with two-fold intensity, on account of its double-edged conditions.

S T ADAMS (Honolulu).—Please accept our apologies for the mistake. No. 3994 has a more subtle key than the one you propose, but which will not answer; while in No. 3996 you have fallen into a trap. If you will look at it again, you will see White cannot move his Rook.

C CHAPMAN (Modderfontein, S.A.).—We think you ought to know your problem has excited the admiration of some of the most expert solvers in the country, and the warmth of its praise by our correspondents has only been equalled on very rare occasions.

PROBLEM No. 4001.—BY T. G. COLLINGS.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3994 received from G Parbury (Singapore); of No. 3995 from S T Adams (Honolulu); of No. 3997 from S A Hawarden (Benoni, Transvaal), and S T Adams (Hono-

lulu); of No. 3998 from A Edmeston (Worsley), L W Cafferata (Farndon), C H Watson (Masham), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), E S (Cramond), J M K Lupton (Richmond), P S (Cricklewood), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), C B S (Canterbury), and J Hunter (Leicester); of No. 3999 from J T Bridge (Colchester), F Fix (Birkenfeld, Wurtemberg), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), James Burtenshaw (St. Fillans), E S (Cramond), J M K Lupton (Richmond), C B S (Canterbury), H Viveash (Thornbury), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), S Caldwell (Hove), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), C H Watson (Masham), J Hunter (Leicester), Reg. Milledge (Bexhill), R B N (Tewkesbury), W Kirkman (Hereford), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J P S (Cricklewood), H W Satow (Bangor), L W Cafferata (Farndon), A Edmeston (Worsley), E J Gibbs (East Ham), M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands), Herbert Filmer (Faversham), J W Brown (Aberystwyth), G H Dawsey (Sunderland), W P Harrison (Lerwick, Shetland Isles), V G Walrond (Haslingden), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), and F J Fallwell (Catherham); and of No. 4000 from J M K Lupton (Richmond), J Hunter (Leicester), H Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), J T Bridge (Colchester), M S Maughan (Barton-on-Sea), J Burtenshaw (St. Fillans), G H Dawsey (Sunderland), P Cooper (Clapham), J P S (Cricklewood), C H Watson (Masham), R B N (Tewkesbury), E J Gibbs (East Ham), R P Nicholson (Crayke), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), A Edmeston (Worsley), Rev. W. Scott (Elgin), L W Cafferata (Farndon), S Caldwell (Hove), J C Kruse (Ravenscourt Park), C B S (Canterbury), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3999.—BY H. BOSSONS.

WHITE

1. Q to Q 6th

2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Anything

The chief interest in this position is the way in which the White Queen is fenced off from everything but the right move. It is perhaps a little too evident she is the source of danger; but where she is to get through provides an investigation not without some attractiveness.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters Invitation Tournament at New York, between Messrs. CAPABLANCA and SPIELMANN.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)

1. P to Q 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd

3. P to B 4th

4. Kt to B 3rd

5. B to Kt 5th

6. P takes P

7. Q to R 4th

8. P takes B

9. P to K 3rd

BLACK (Mr. S.)

1. P to Q 4th

2. P to K 3rd

3. Kt to Q 2nd

4. Kt to B 3rd

5. B to Kt 5th

6. P takes P

7. B takes Kt (ch)

8. Castles

9. P to B 4th

WHITE (Mr. C.)

15. Q to R 5th

16. Kt takes Kt

17. P to Q 4th

18. P takes P

19. B takes P

20. P takes P

21. Q to B 7th

22. P to R 7th

23. K R to Q Kt sq

24. R takes R

25. B to B 3rd

26. P takes P

27. Q to Q 4th

28. Q takes B

29. R to Kt sq

30. R to Kt 4th

31. Kt to Kt 3rd

32. B to K 6th

33. R takes R (ch)

34. P to B 4th

35. P to B 5th

36. Resigns.

Although opening on rather unconventional lines up to this point, it cannot be said Black's position is an unfavourable one. Here, however, 9.—P to B 3rd is a much safer and sounder reply.

10. B to Q 3rd P to B 5th
11. B to B 2nd Q to K 2nd
12. Castles P to Q R 3rd
13. K R to K sq Q to K 3rd
14. Kt to Q 2nd P to Q Kt 4th

Marking the climax of Black's manoeuvres, and looking at first sight rather in his favour; but White refuses to be rattled by appearances, and takes charge of the field with a cool head that carries him successfully through all the ensuing complications.

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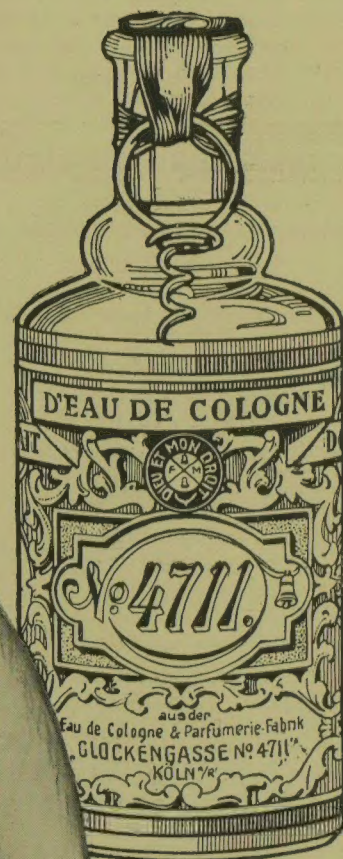
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continues unconfined for the rest of the day. At Christmas the candles burn softly in snow framed windows. Walpurgis night finds great fires at the cross roads and houses dressed with boughs. On feast days the peasants burst into colour. Scarlet, black, white and orange against the glowing greens of Sweden's woods and forests!

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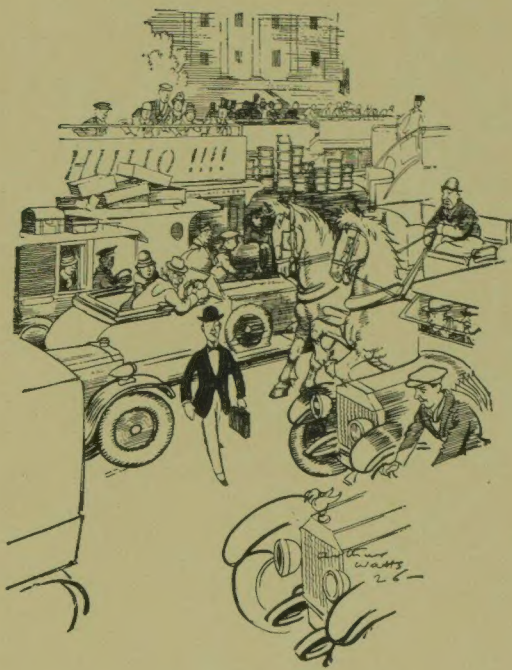
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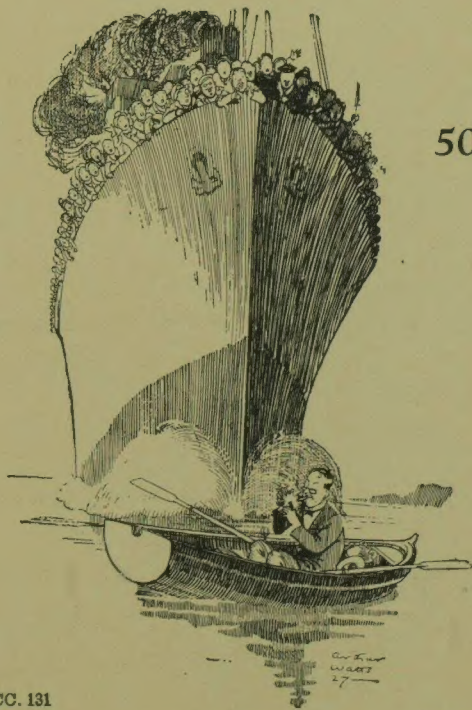
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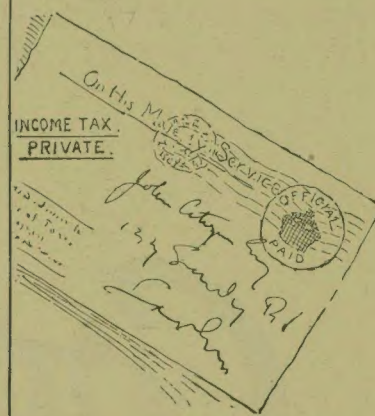
HAIG TERCENTENARY

1627



How they took your money in 1627

1927



April 5, 1627.

"Very deep and prodigious gaming at my Lord's mansion in the country. Remembering the fifty pounds that I won from Davenant at the tables yesterday, I gave a purse in charity to an honest fellow, a poor tenant of my Lord's, who had been robbed this very morning on his way to the market.

By the fellow's account, there is now no travelling in these parts for high way robbing. At which a great guffaw from

that prodigal gallant Davenant, which did remind me that I saw him ride forth at dawn to-day, armed and alone. It is indeed well said that the charms of riot and debauchery make many high way men—but Lord! the honourable debts of a gentleman must be reckoned before all things."—From the *unwritten Journal of Christopher Mountjoy, Knight, sometime Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles I.*

THREE centuries have wrought little change either in life's essential difficulties or in its consolations. In 1627 the gallant courtier, his purse emptied at 'wicked gamestrie,' would temporarily take the road to repair his losses at the honest man's expense. In 1927 there is the income tax And as for the consolations—John Haig is still at hand, ready to cheer the heart of man as it has done since the day when it was first distilled, three hundred years ago.

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